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LORD NORTHBROOK AND THE ILBERT BILL.

AS a natural and unavoidable consequence of the multiplication of platform speeches, the COLSTON banquets have lost something of the importance which they once possessed. But the year 1883 will probably be remembered in connexion with the memory of EDWARD COLSTON. Most of the speeches, indeed, possessed no particular attraction; but one contained an authoritative statement of policy, and an authoritative defence of it, which is at least as important as anything of the kind that has for a long time been delivered at the capital of the West country. Lord NORTHBROOK announced his intention of appearing in the character of a Liberal who was not only prepared "to give his own opinions, but to say hard things of those who differed with him." The programme was appetising; and, though it can hardly be said to have been carried out to the letter, the carrying out was at least remarkable. Instead of saying hard things of his opponents, it appears to the unprejudiced reader, and must have appeared to the unprejudiced hearer, that Lord NORTHBROOK endeavoured, not altogether successfully, to ward off the hard things which his opponents had said; and, instead of giving his own and his colleagues' opinions, it appears equally that Lord NORTHBROOK strove to show cause why those opinions had been abandoned. Certainly there is nothing disgraceful in the announcement of the very important modifications which the Government have found themselves obliged to introduce in the ILBERT Bill. But that announcement might have been made in a somewhat franker spirit, and it need not have been accompanied with something very like abuse of the persons by whose unwearied efforts this beneficial change has been brought about. A great deal has been said by the thick-and-thin supporters of Ministers as to their generous and noble willingness to acknowledge mistakes under the pressure of moral force. Unluckily the cold-blooded observer has but too much ground for remarking that this acknowledgment is never made cheerfully and completely except under the pressure or the imminence of a physical beating. The Transvaal Convention as a result of Majuba, and the acceptance of Mr. NORWOOD's motion in view of the certainty of a minority on the LESSEPS agreement, contrast rather awkwardly with the grudging retreat from a logically untenable position which Lord NORTHBROOK's speech announces as in process of execution in the matter of the ILBERT Bill.

There are, however, two reasons for not bearing too hardly on Lord NORTHBROOK in respect of the greater part of his speech. In the first place, a capable politician looks at facts, not words; and in the second, a generous antagonist makes allowance for the natural ill-temper which in all but a very few natures accompanies the confession of surrender. The Government surrender, though decently veiled by the nominal upholding of the Bill, has been very complete. Its completeness may best be judged by Lord NORTHBROOK's possibly inadvertent, but certainly full and exact, admission of the main plea of those who object to jurisdiction over Europeans being granted to native magistrates in the Mo-fussil, the "unfortunate frequency of trumped-up cases in India." That is the main contention of the European community, and it is now formally endorsed and accepted by an ex-Viceroy, a Cabinet Minister, a politician of unusual moderation and caution in speech. But the surrender is by no means limited to this argumentative concession. Contrary to the provisions of the measure as hitherto upheld and

attacked, only Sessions Judges and District Magistrates of native birth will be able to try Europeans. Contrary to those provisions there will be nothing to prevent the appointment of Englishmen as local Justices of the Peace. Contrary to them, there will be an extension of the power of changing the venue, while the alterations will further secure the right of appeal to judges of the accused's own nationality, and to a jury in all cases. It is true that an alteration in the present practice remains which, though insignificant in amount and extent, may still do some mischief indirectly, and is certainly not worth the disturbance it has caused and will cause. But the main sting of the Bill is gone, and, what is perhaps more important, the utter unreasonableness of its introduction is more clearly exposed than ever. Lord NORTHBROOK comforts himself by the thought that the race disqualification which has existed for ten years is to be removed. It is difficult, in face of the fact well enough known to Lord NORTHBROOK, though long unknown to some of the most fervent English supporters of the Bill, that in the Presidency towns native judges are at present able to try Europeans, to admit that the disqualification has existed. It is still more difficult in face of the modifications which the Government have been compelled to introduce to see how it is to be removed. Mr. Justice STEPHEN's unanswerable appeal to the anomalies left even by the original Bill is strengthened by the present state of affairs. That Lord NORTHBROOK should once more have trotted out the luckless Proclamation which seems to constitute almost the sole resource of the defenders of the Bill is a little surprising; but, as has been said, much must be excused to a man who has to make such an announcement, and it is preferable instead of dwelling on the insufficiency of Lord NORTHBROOK's defence of the Bill as it was to acknowledge once more the wisdom which the Government have shown in reducing it to what it is. They might have been wiser still and still more ingenuous; but it is written that heroic virtue is not to be expected of the ordinary man or Minister. It is something that they have in effect confessed the unanswerableness of the arguments which they have so long poohpoohed, and if they have left a pretext for their supporters to ignore their retreat, they have only acted after the manner of political man.

But there is one part of Lord NORTHBROOK's speech which cannot be let pass so easily, though it is an unpleasant matter to touch on, and though hitherto little prominence has designedly been given to it in these columns. It is always desirable to win by argument if possible, and not by calling witnesses to the discreditable character of the tactics on the other side, and the enormous preponderance of argument in this particular case against the Bill has made it as unnecessary as it was disagreeable to refer, except in the most cursory fashion, to the method of proceeding of its authors. Now that Lord NORTHBROOK has formally taken up the cudgels for Lord RIXON's Government, it is necessary to say with great deliberation that a more discreditable history than the history of the tactics which that Government has pursued is not within recent political memory. From the original circulation of the GUPTA paper to the manoeuvres by which the official publication of authoritative opinion on the matter was kept back while Parliament was sitting, the whole strategy has been a strategy of concealment, cooking, and craft. It is useless to transfer the authorship of particular telegrams to this person or to that. The simple and indisputable fact remains that almost every particle of truth has been furnished independently of

the Indian Government, and to all appearance in spite of the Indian Government. Lord NORTHBROOK's defence does not touch this patent and notorious fact. No doubt Lord RIRON is not to be held responsible for everything done or not done by his Government, in the sense that he directly planned or suggested the doing and the not doing. But, unless the office of Viceroy is a farce, he is responsible indirectly and on the whole for the course adopted. The public who read telegrams and summaries, and found them afterwards to be in almost total variance with the facts; the members of the House of Commons who received from Mr. CROSS (the passive mouthpiece of the Indian Government) either refusals of information or information also in almost total variance with the facts, will know what to make of Lord NORTHBROOK's possibly generous, but certainly fruitless, defence of his successor. Of Lord RIRON himself it is not necessary to say much; it would have been unnecessary to say anything but for this unlucky attempt at whitewashing. The general estimate of his moral and intellectual qualities is, even among his own party, remarkably uniform; and, whatever may be written or spoken on the platform or in print, few qualified persons of any party are likely to differ about it in privileged communication. But it is certainly unfortunate (with the same misfortune which seems to attend all attempts to justify the authors and the provisions of this indefensible and now almost abandoned measure) that the public should have been asked how they could believe the Indian Government guilty of misconduct which must have been found out. It would be happy if discreditable conduct became impossible from the mere fact that it was also silly. Experience shows that there is not this preventive check on misdemeanants; and in this particular case it is unpleasant to find that conduct as unwise as it was improper has found defenders after the fact among those very persons who have been practically forced to acknowledge its impropriety and its unwisdom.

GERMANY AND SPAIN.

THE visit of the Crown Prince of GERMANY to Spain may perhaps be an event of some importance. It is true that in recent times almost all European potentates have made a practice of cultivating one another's personal acquaintance; and probably they find a certain social enjoyment in the unaccustomed society of their equals. The political significance of such meetings varies with circumstances, and sometimes it may be not inconsiderable. Queen VICTORIA received at a long interval both LOUIS PHILIPPE and NAPOLEON III.; and she was in turn their guest at Eu and at Paris. Her intimacy with the King of the FRENCH, which had begun when England and France were on unusually cordial terms, was interrupted by the untoward Spanish marriages, and renewed only when the ORLEANS dynasty was in exile. The first visit of the Emperor NAPOLEON to Windsor was a result of the alliance against Russia, and it represented the most cordial feeling which has ever been popularly entertained in England towards a French ruler. A later interview held by NAPOLEON III. with the Prince Regent of PRUSSIA, now the Emperor WILLIAM, led to a singular diplomatic disappointment. The uninvited guest had probably expected to obtain some territorial concession to France in return for offers of support to supposed Prussian designs in Germany. To his surprise, the Emperor NAPOLEON found the PRINCE REGENT surrounded by minor German Princes, who had been intended to provide, out of their dominions or prerogatives, the materials for some contract of annexation. Both the King of PRUSSIA and the late Emperor of Russia afterwards visited the Emperor NAPOLEON, who naturally valued every formal recognition of his rank as a legitimate sovereign. The frequent exchange of personal courtesies among the Imperial families of Austria, Russia, and Germany have sometimes promoted political concert, and in other circumstances they may have abated irritation. The journey of King HUMBERT to Vienna two or three years ago has been followed by the admission of Italy to a certain share in the Central European alliance.

The early date and the calculated splendour of the CROWN PRINCE's visit to the King of SPAIN shows that it is not merely complimentary or ceremonious. The Emperor WILLIAM has announced in an autograph letter that he would have returned King ALFONSO's late visit in person but for his advanced age and the advice of his physicians.

His own personal distinction, as well as his exalted position, renders the CROWN PRINCE the fittest representative of his father. As it would, for obvious reasons, have been inexpedient that he should take the shortest road to Spain, opportunity is taken to remind friends and enemies that Germany is a maritime Power by the despatch of a naval squadron to convey and escort the illustrious traveller. Spanish ironclads will meet the German vessels on their approach to Barcelona or Valencia, and civil and military dignitaries in ample numbers will be ready to welcome the PRINCE to land. His own train will include a large number of officers of rank, of whom the most eminent, General BLUMENTHAL, was second only to Marshal VON MOLTKE among the German leaders in the great War of 1870. It is impossible to doubt that, in making every effort to call attention to the mission of the CROWN PRINCE, the German Government has some serious design. There will be no treaty, nor will formal promises be exchanged of reciprocal support, but the KING will scarcely fail to contrast the friendly demeanour of Germany with the ill-breeding of the Parisian mob. The chief officers of the Spanish army, who are said to resent more bitterly than civilians the affront offered to the KING, will be gratified by the opportunity of making acquaintance with many famous soldiers belonging to the first of European armies. It is impossible to define the political influence of friendly personal relations; but it is evident that Germany thinks it worth while to cultivate the good-will of the Spanish Court and of the governing classes. It would be absurd to expect that in the contingency of war between France and Germany, Spain should take an active part, but it is allowable to produce a disposition which may result in friendly neutrality. The Uhlan KING, as he was nicknamed by the French rabble, will henceforth feel a certain attachment to the flag under which his regiment serves. The political isolation of a restless neighbour is a legitimate object of German policy; but the result cannot be completely secured. The attentions which were lately paid to the Russian GRAND DUKES during their stay at Paris would, if any excuse were needed, fully justify the overtures of the German EMPEROR to the King of SPAIN.

There is no reason to regret the termination of the controversy with the French Government, or the consequent renewal of friendly relations between Spain and France. The French Cabinet and the political community will be disposed to welcome the appointment of Marshal SERRANO to the Embassy at Paris. Foreigners have no occasion to inquire into the political career of a personage who has for forty years always maintained himself, in the most opposite circumstances, at or near the head of affairs. The Court favourite, the revolutionary leader, the Regent, and finally the chief of the dynastic Left, can produce sufficient credentials of his importance in his own country. He has probably been instructed to make himself an... his Government acceptable to present and future French Ministries; and his versatile experience will make it easy for him to conceal any prejudice which he may entertain against Republican institutions. The most probable cause of irritation between France and Spain is the suspicion that either Power may meddle with the domestic politics of the other. Extreme Republicans have never affected to confine their proselytizing efforts within geographical limits. The Spanish Government suspected, with or without reason, that at the time of the late military insurrection, Señor ZORRILLA and his alleged confederates received countenance and comfort from active Republicans, if not from actual holders of office. Similar charges would, if disturbances occurred in France, be urged against Spanish politicians. Marshal SERRANO, by his latest participation in domestic politics, may be said to profess democratic though not Republican opinions. In his first experience as a diplomatist he will not be wanting in pliancy. The French Government will have neither the power nor the wish to take official notice of a diplomatic or courtly transaction which may probably not be regarded with satisfaction. The trouble and vexation which was caused by the affront offered to the King of SPAIN during his visit to Paris will serve as a warning against any imprudent display of feeling. The mob of Paris will fortunately not have the opportunity of exhibiting its political sagacity or its characteristic courtesy. The reception of the Crown PRINCE, with all the honours which ingenuity can devise, will be a more conspicuous proof of good will to Germany than the acceptance of a military title and uniform; but a remonstrance would, if it were possible, be treated with

contempt; and any expression of resentment would only cement the friendship which the CROWN PRINCE'S visit is intended to promote. French journalists may, perhaps, be less prudent than responsible Ministers; but more probably they will deem it expedient to maintain a silence which will be more dignified than complaint. It is not certain whether any French residents really entertained the design of repeating at Barcelona the misconduct committed at Paris.

The Republican faction in Spain will regard with natural dissatisfaction both the extraordinary display of royal magnificence and the visible proof of the confidence which is reposed in the reigning dynasty by the greatest foreign potentates. It is hardly probable that they will attempt a servile imitation of the conduct of their political friends and allies in Paris. The great majority of the Spanish people would resent any compromise of the national character for dignified courtesy. It has for generations been commonly said by foreign visitors that every Spaniard is, at least in outward bearing, a gentleman, though of late years Republican enthusiasm has sometimes found vent in exceptional rudeness. Another reason for abstaining from public manifestations of democratic jealousy is that they might probably fail. A few days ago the Republican managers, perhaps in anticipation of the CROWN PRINCE'S visit, determined to hold a parade of their forces in the streets of Madrid. It appears in Spain, as in France, funeral solemnities are commonly associated with Republican attempts to promote disorder. Having discovered that Señor FIGUERAS, who was once President of the short-lived Republic, had died a year before, some demagogues announced that thirty thousand Republicans would attend the celebration of the anniversary. There was no attempt to disguise the exclusively political character of the proposed assemblage. Except his own family and friends, no one cared for Señor FIGUERAS; and the short-lived Republic had only interrupted a disreputable course when all its institutions were judiciously suspended by Señor CASTELAR. Any excuse is, of course, good enough for a public profession of disloyalty to the KING, and for a display of the numerical strength of the faction. Unfortunately for the promoters, it appeared that the inhabitants of Madrid are at the present moment either hostile or indifferent to the Republican cause. The threatened thirty thousand dwindled in one account to three thousand, and an impartial foreign correspondent calculates that they were not more than three hundred. A street mob of such a size is unimpressive, and a mob, large or small, is wanting in moral authority. It would evidently have been prudent on the part of the leaders to leave the estimate of their force to the unassisted imagination. It would be too much to hope that the seeming unpopularity of the Republic can be explained by Señor CASTELAR'S political suicide. The celebrated orator, though he has long been known as the wordiest of mankind, enjoyed a reputation for morality and decency. It could not have been expected that he would disgrace himself by gratuitous professions of sympathy with the assassins of Lord FREDERICK CAVENTISH and Mr. BURKE, or even with the murderer of CAREY the informer. Perhaps incessant volubility in speech and in writing has deprived him of the faculty of judgment. It could not be worth his while to become, in a certain sense, an accessory after the fact to crimes with which he had nothing to do.

NOSTRUMS FOR THE POOR.

IN the controversy about the condition of the poor three things remain clear enough, in spite of the din and dust of discussion. First, the existing rookeries must come down as soon as possible. *Delenda est Carthago.* We may keep on repeating that fact with the persistency of CATO. The rookeries must be destroyed, as they have been and are being destroyed, with the most remarkable improvement of the public health, in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Liverpool. As for the owners, they may be thankful for such compensation as the actual value of the tenements deserves.

In the next place, it is manifest that the poverty of the poor, with the consequent degradation which makes them put up with styes for homes, is the result of two main causes—over-population and drink. We need not go here into the remedies for over-population which are drawn from France. France is rather an "awful example" than a model to follow. However bad poverty, and discontent, and envy may be in England, where population is unchecked, in France, where the conditions are the reverse, envy, and poverty, and discontent are worse, and more

malignant. The modern Radical nostrums have been tried. Minute partition of the soil, minute families, Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, the robbery of bishops, and all the rest of it, have left the French working classes in a state of furious wrath against the *bourgeoisie*. Dynamite, massacre, extermination, redivision of property are preached aloud. The *mauvais pauvre* in Paris goes about stabbing in the streets, and (as in happy Ireland) "no arrests have been made." As France is thus suffering from poverty and social hatred, despite her fertile soil, her spade-culture, and her low population, it is ridiculous to advocate French remedies as a cure for the English disease. Socially and politically France is, on the other hand, an excellent example of how not to do it. We are thus brought back to emigration as the best means of relieving the labour market and of giving a chance to the poor who have strength, skill, and courage. Spokesmen of the poor, persons who seem to have neither heart, nor courage, nor skill, nor anything but greed and lazy envy, keep urging them not to do as men of our race have always done, not to seek new lands, an emptier world, and a happier fortune abroad. But we still possess the immense advantage of lands practically boundless, in countries where our own tongue is the only speech. Members of the Democratic Federation and Irish Archbishops naturally deprecate emigration, because this is a palliative for the grievances on which they live. One prelate has been speaking with horror of the Irish emigrants "perishing in the snows of Canada." There is no good reason why they should prefer perishing in the snows of Connemara, and there is still less reason why, in Canada, they should perish at all. Experience demonstrates that the Irish thrive in Canada, the States, and Australia. They send home large sums of money, partly to prevent their kinsfolk from perishing in the snows of Connemara, partly to help and comfort Mr. PARNELL. The native Irish do not send money abroad, it is from their friends abroad that money is sent to them. The patriotic ARCHBISHOP need not be at all alarmed about Irish emigrants perishing in an Irish Darien. What he does fear is that Irish discontent may be alleviated, that Irishmen may escape from poverty and priests, and hence that his own double occupation may be gone. The Democratic Federation and its friends are in the same sort of dread. A Democratic correspondent of the *Daily News*, who dates from Chivalry Road, writes:—"What we require is, not a gigantic temperance movement . . . not charity, not emigration; what then? We want the land—the land which by natural right is 'ours.' And so this intrepid reformer goes back to JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, natural right, and all the rest of it, subsequently formulating his demand more pointedly still in the words "We must have our land, and we must have our money." To explain once more that there is no such thing as "natural right" would be a waste of philosophy. To point out once more that a general settlement on "the land" which is ours would mean savagery and chaos come again would be to repeat a truism obvious to every one who has studied the processes of social evolution. It is odd that, in a scientific age, when "evolution" is the watchword, people should be incapable of construing the most ordinary lessons of history. Incapable or invincibly ignorant, however, they are. And they object to emigration because their one chance of trying their theory by experiment is to foster the growth of such horrible over-population and poverty as will give social revolution one more chance against society.

We have spoken of two of the facts that remain distinct in the wilderness of words. Destruction of rookeries and emigration are found, when wisely and discreetly managed, to be palliatives of a disease which is incapable of absolute cure. Every stage of society must necessarily have its evils. If society is simple and savage, you have cannibalism, female infanticide (for even Australians and Mindaris feel the weight of over-population), you have endless wars, witchcraft, cruelty, and so forth. In a complicated society you have over-population, poverty, social hatreds, contrasts of indigence and wealth. The troubles cannot be annihilated, they can only be mitigated; and two of the methods of mitigation we have already indicated. The third method, in spite of the correspondent of the *Daily News*, is temperance. Even if the people seized the land which is "theirs by natural right," even if every man had his ideal number of acres, the men who drank themselves to death would see their acres melt into the hands of their sober neighbours. No legislation could stop this process, which is as certain as the laws of gravitation.

To this the believers in "natural right to the soil" will reply that, when every man has his own farm, no man will drink. "It is only poverty," they will say (going beyond Mr. GEORGE SIMS in the *Daily News*) "that makes men drink; it is not drink that makes them poor. When they have won their natural right to the soil, they will cease to drink. At present they booze, poor fellows, to forget their wrongs." This is a very touching hypothesis. Mr. ROBERT HART, another correspondent of the *Daily News*, does not quite agree with it. He knows the slums well, and "nine-tenths of the people who are now being written about so much are quite as happy in their own peculiar sphere, degraded as they may be, as those who are sling-ing so much ink on their behalf, and would even thank 'the preachin' and scriblin' lot to hold their [some-'thing' row.' . . . The first remedy for the misery and degradation of 'horrible London,' or horrible anywhere, would be the shutting up of the gin-palaces and beer-saloons, forcing the people to be sober."

Yes, though some persons drink, as BECKY SHARP played roulette, "to forget," more act on Mr. ARNOLD's principle that drink "sensibly adds to the pleasure of life." As long as that theory is acted on, entirely without regard to the other text that "conduct is seven-eighths of life," people will be out of work, out at elbows, naked, and hopeless. An ex-officer of high rank was, some time ago, charged with manslaughter, because he had allowed his wife to die of hunger, while he spent every penny on drink. This man's horrible degradation was not the result of over-population, of the conduct of wicked squires, of Free-trade, or of anything but his own passions. The same cause, the passion for drink, produces similar effects among the poor, and thus Protectionists from America blame Free-trade, and some journalists blame the wicked squires. Unluckily "man, being reasonable, must get drunk," and Englishmen, being free citizens, must be allowed to get drunk. For drink, that chief cause of social distress, there is no remedy but voluntary temperance, and that, fortunately, appears to be increasing.

We may now turn to the nostrum of Judge KELLY, "the father of the House of Representatives," and rather a muddle-headed old parent of a constitutional assembly. Judge KELLY finds English labour everywhere underpaid, and why? Because productive power has outrun consumptive power. And why has productive power outrun consumptive power? Because artisans are paid so little that they cannot afford to consume. And why are they paid so little? Because, apparently, Free-trade permits boundless competition, with consequent lowering of wages. Therefore Protection is the only remedy, and therefore French working-men are better off than English. They may be, but apparently they do not know their own good fortune.

Now, as to wages and power of expenditure, the following fact may enlighten Judge KELLY. During a lawn-tennis tournament at the chief manufacturing centre of the Scottish border counties, a crowd gathered round the outside of the ground. A spectator had the curiosity to ask a policeman what was the matter. "The boys are pelting seven or eight drunk men that are lying beside the river." "Why," observed the spectator, "this is Wednesday." "Ay, sir, but they just begin the drinking on Saturday, and whiles they dinna stop on Tuesday, but jist carry on through the week." Now this little crowd of sots were so well paid that they could afford habitually to work but four days a week. And as to power of consumption, they could consume any quantity—of whisky. Free-trade had not stinted them, poverty had not made them drink; they lived, not in a squalid city, but (as Mr. RUSKIN and Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS, who has been combining excellent art with dubious politics at Oxford, may be surprised to hear) within one stone's throw of green hills and the clear water of Teviot. Yet they afforded a magnificent example of the social effects of intemperance. No laws, no reform, no franchise, no revolution, can do any good to this enormous class of Englishmen who live to drink.

PRUSSIAN PARTIES.

ALTHOUGH the Prussian Parliament will shortly meet to consider the measures of social reform which the Government again intends to submit to it, it is impossible to predict with certainty the spirit in which they will be received. Ever since the year 1878, when the differences

which had long existed between Prince BISMARCK and his Liberal supporters led to an open rupture, the action of the various parties into which the nation is divided has from Session to Session become more wavering and spasmodic. This, it is true, is not the case with those who sit at the extreme right or the extreme left of the Chamber. These groups are held together by a common creed and a clearly defined ideal. They have often shown themselves unmanageable, they have never been inconsistent. The old Prussian Conservatives, the Squires, as they used to be contemptuously called, accepted the Constitution at the bidding of their King; but they have never ceased to regard it with dislike and suspicion. They would fain return to the good old times before 1848, when Prussia was without a Parliament; but, as that is now obviously impossible, their great object is to restrict its powers and to prevent it from becoming supreme in the State. Their loyalty is their boast, and they have given frequent proof of it both by word and deed; but their political ideal is a bureaucratic, not a despotic State, and there is much in the history of their country which explains their preference. The Squires cannot understand why merchants, professional men, or they themselves, should be asked to take part in so difficult a task as that of governing a country; they would prefer to submit entirely to the rule of Ministers chosen by the King from the number of those who have made such matters the study of their lives, and they are resolved to uphold to the utmost the royal prerogative, and such power as is still left to the official class. In practice they generally lend Prince BISMARCK a mistrustful and hesitating support; but he can never depend upon them when he sees that the time for making a great concession has come. The position adopted by the Party of Progress is at least as clearly defined, and may be far more concisely stated. Its members are Liberals of the strictest school, who desire to make the Constitution of Prussia in most respects as close a copy as possible of that of England.

Between these two "determined opposites," however, there stand a number of groups and parties whose watchword is compromise. Among such the Centre can hardly be numbered, as, though its action at any given moment is entirely incalculable, it is always directed by a single principle. No party in the Chamber is formed of such heterogeneous elements, and none acts with greater harmony and decision. This is in great part due to the fact that its members are agreed in considering the interests of the Roman Catholic Church as more important than any secular measure. In private they may sympathize with the Conservatives, the Liberals, or the Particularists; they may be ardent Poles or adherents of the new German Empire; as soon as a Ministerial Bill is introduced into the Chamber their first question is, not what its effects will be, but in how far its success or failure will affect the relations of the Government to the Church. Hence, with perfect consistency, they are able to oppose a measure one day and to support it in a slightly modified form on the next. The great question now pending is whether the CHANCELLOR will purchase their support for the measures of social reform he has so much at heart by further concessions to their Church, or whether he will endeavour to come to some arrangement with the Liberal parties.

The Social Democrats, too, stand, as the Centre is accused by its opponents of standing, "outside the boundaries of the Constitution"; and they, too, form a party of principle, and not of compromise; but in the Prussian Parliament they are powerless, and even outside its walls their influence is small. The exceptional legislation to which they have been subjected has lent them a fictitious importance in the eyes of foreigners; but, in estimating the political forces now in action in Prussia, they may safely be disregarded. In other parts of the German Empire they are more powerful, but nowhere strong enough to be a real danger to the State, unless they were to resort to criminal measures, which, as a party, they have no inclination to do. Among the parties of compromise, the first that demands consideration is that of the Free Conservatives. In feeling they strongly sympathize with the Squires, but they are more ready to recognize the force of modern events. They see that since the union of Germany the old bureaucratic system has become impossible. It never existed in most of the smaller States, nor do they possess either the materials out of which it could be formed or the desire to see it established. The Free Conservatives acknowledge that Prussia must pay the price of what she has won, and accept the loss involved in her gains. They perceive

that the Parliamentary basis is the only one on which all the States included in the Empire can freely meet, and they accept it for their own country as well as for the Empire. But they have no real confidence in representative government, and take their stand on the text of the Constitution. Parliament has, they argue, a right to veto new laws and new taxation; but here its prerogatives cease. It would not be justified in endeavouring to make any legislative change without the consent of the Crown; it has no claim to interfere with the administration.

The National Liberals stand in almost the same relation to the Party of Progress as the Free Conservatives do to the Squires. The party was formed in 1866 by the Liberals who were prepared to sacrifice a part of their creed for the purpose of securing the unity of Germany. From the first they felt and acknowledged that neither the North German Confederation nor the Empire quite realized their ideal of a modern State; but they were ready to accept both rather than endanger or delay the great work of unification. In the old days their watchword was "through unity to liberty," whereas the Democrats, with Dr. JACOBI at their head, the Party of Progress, and the great body of the South German Socialists, took for their motto "through liberty to unity." For such a party, of course, the important matter is where the sacrifice shall begin, and how far it shall go, which is a question of tact rather than principle. At present they seem to be the most forlorn and woebegone of all parties. The loss of a leader whose character and intellect were so universally respected, and who was distinguished by such Parliamentary tact and experience as HERR VON BENNINGSEN, would have been a serious blow to any party; to the National Liberals it is not unlikely to be fatal, for the party relies more than any other on the character and intelligence of its individual members, and on the experience and tact of its leadership. The National Liberals have always been a party of compromise in a far stricter sense than the Free Conservatives. They took what they could get from the gracious hands of the CHANCELLOR, and were thankful for their daily bread. And now no further crust is to be had, and their leader has retired. What is worse, every private soldier in the little Parliamentary army seems to feel an inward call to take the vacant place and issue a programme. Every one is eager to talk, and no one prepared to listen.

A number of other men, notably Dr. LASKER, had at least as much to do with the creation of the National Liberal party as HERR VON BENNINGSEN had, and the difficulty of keeping it together and directing its action may well have seemed too great for a politician who is no longer young. For there is an essential difference between the public life of England and Germany. In England, when a Minister is defeated on an important question, he resigns, and his place is filled by his Parliamentary opponents. In Germany a Minister remains in office as long as he enjoys the confidence of the Crown. If a measure he introduces is vetoed by the Parliament, it is simply lost; but his own position is not shaken. Even if he were compelled to resign, his successor would be, not his Parliamentary opponent, but some official whose merits were in all probability quite unknown to the public. This is the explanation of the various little groups into which both Reichstag and Landtag are divided. Members agree as to abstract principles and to leadership; but, as soon as a case is brought concretely before them, they differ; and, as their difference involves no administrative change, they are apt to vote according to their personal conviction. Thus the Secessionists, who were led by Dr. BAMBERGER and Dr. LASKER, were among the most passionate advocates of the unity of Germany. They had the fullest confidence in the foreign policy of Prince BISMARCK; and there can be no doubt that they would have sacrificed any personal or party consideration rather than see him retire from his post. But they knew he would not do so as long as he retained the confidence of the EMPEROR. They objected, most justly, to his financial policy, and so they went into Opposition, and have attacked him for years with the utmost bitterness. The wit and logic of such men as Dr. BAMBERGER and Dr. LASKER are quite enough to make even a great man feel uncomfortable, and it is perhaps but a poor comfort to Prince BISMARCK to know that, if there were any real danger of his being driven from office, his opponents would be the first to stump the country in his support.

The secession was a deathblow to the National Liberal cause. The loss in numbers was comparatively small, it is true, but the loss of talent was great, and the loss of heart

it involved greater still. A party whose one principle is compromise can by its very nature have only a short duration, and as the German Empire became more and more firmly established, it was natural that the different elements of the National Liberal party should gravitate to one side or the other, as the dread of particularism, which was the force that drew and held them together, gradually vanished. Still, foreign observers may perhaps be forgiven if they view with a certain half-sentimental regret the dissolution of a party that did more than any other to establish the unity of Germany and determine the forms of its political life.

MR. GLADSTONE AT GUILDHALL.

THE speeches last week on Lord Mayor's day formed in some respects a pleasant contrast to the dreary declamations with which newspaper columns are at this time of year generally filled. It was, perhaps, a happy accident that the LORD MAYOR and his principal guest held opposite political opinions. Both of them consequently indulged in courteous commonplaces, which were more agreeable and less hackneyed than party invectives. The French AMBASSADOR and M. DE LESSEPS were, for similar reasons, compelled to abstain from direct reference to the grave differences which it may possibly be their mission to compose. M. WADDINGTON only vindicated in general terms the pacific and non-aggressive tendencies of his Government and nation. M. DE LESSEPS quoted from a former speech of his own the remarkable proposition that British capital is destined to provide interest on French capital. It is less obvious that an owner who succeeds in establishing a monopoly has an interest in satisfying those who pay him for the use of his property, and even in anticipating their reasonable demands; but it is satisfactory to be reminded that the Athenians preferred ARISTIDES to THEMISTOCLES, though it seems doubtful whether M. DE LESSEPS or Mr. GLADSTONE is proverbially known as "the Just." The LORD MAYOR, as he had taken an active part in defeating the provisional agreement between the English Government and the Suez Canal Company, could not be supposed to have invited M. DE LESSEPS to the entertainment except for personal reasons. In the proposed negotiations the merchants and shipowners who may complain of existing grievances or suggest a remedy will be in no degree hampered by any admissions made at the Guildhall.

Mr. GLADSTONE's elaborate reticence and his unwonted excursion into the fields of humour have been readily appreciated by adverse critics as well as by habitual admirers. The APOLLO of the Treasury has for once unbent his bow, and the premature enumeration of the arrows in his quiver proves to have been unauthoritative and conjectural. The Cabinet has not settled the order of business for the next Session, and perhaps Mr. GLADSTONE himself has not made up his mind on the subject. Whether there is to be a Franchise Bill, with or without a Redistribution Bill, and what hopes the LORD MAYOR and Corporation may entertain of another year's respite from annihilation, are secrets to be disclosed hereafter. The Radical journals which announced in official tone and language the imminent introduction of uniform suffrage may perhaps be thought to have incurred a mild rebuke; but it is, after all, not certain that they spoke without Ministerial warrant. It is probable that a section of the Government which has on some former occasions imposed its policy on the whole Cabinet may have determined that the most formidable of the contemplated measures shall be taken first. Organic or constitutional changes provide means of carrying specific measures, as machines must be made or modified before the fabric is produced. The revolutionary party would naturally prefer the extension of the franchise even to the congenial task of creating a Central Municipal Caucus; and one mode of insuring the fulfilment of their wishes is to announce that the plan is already accepted by the rest of the Ministry. At the meeting at Leeds Mr. MORLEY expressly stated that he was not in the confidence of the Government. The Radical press, perhaps, occupies, like Mr. GLADSTONE when he was out of office, a position of greater freedom and less responsibility. It is something for the promoters of a political agitation to have a week's or a fortnight's start over competitors. The assailants of the Corporation have in the interval between the Leeds Congress and Lord Mayor's Day contended at an artificial disadvantage against the Parliamentary levellers.

It may, after all, be questioned whether, although he

confined himself to apparently indefinite statements, Mr. GLADSTONE absolutely avoided important disclosures. An unequalled mastery of the art of concealing meaning in ornamental phrases is not incompatible with a faculty of revealing secrets under cover of ostentatious reserve. The fullest and most effusive part of Mr. GLADSTONE's speech was devoted to the laudable object of promoting friendly feelings between England and France; but the only definite inference which can be drawn from his mention of the Madagascar difficulty was that the French Government had not then given reparation for serious violations of international comity. Several weeks had intervened from the time when it was first announced that pecuniary compensation to an injured English subject would be accompanied by a formal apology. No such document had been published when Mr. GLADSTONE and the French AMBASSADOR were vying with one another in professions of mutual friendship. It was luckily not in his official capacity that the Prime Minister of FRANCE lately, with little justice and scanty courtesy, described English missionaries as devils. It is quite right that words pronounced in public should be more carefully weighed. It would have been both discourteous and unwise to dwell in a Guildhall speech on the causes of irritation which undoubtedly exist. It was perhaps not to be regretted that the Chinese AMBASSADOR, who was present, can scarcely have understood the vehement professions of good will which were addressed to the representative of France.

On one important matter Mr. GLADSTONE affected no disguise. He announced that the evacuation of Egypt would immediately begin by the withdrawal of the English troops from Cairo. It is not known whether a measure which is adopted for political reasons is approved by the military authorities; but probably it may be prudent rather to evacuate the capital than to hold it with a small garrison. It is not unlikely that the concentration of the residue of the army at Alexandria may afterwards serve as an argument or excuse for recalling the entire force. The opponents of the policy of occupation will contend that a small body of troops at a distance from the seat of government form no sufficient check on the misgovernment which will probably be practised at Cairo. The Government will be taunted with its practical admission of the principle that Egypt must be left to native management; and it will be shown that the temporary retention of a port affords no security against the foreign intrigues which will immediately revive. That a bolder and more consistent policy would have been more popular with the intelligent classes was proved by the significant silence which ensued on Mr. GLADSTONE's announcement; but against the opinion of all competent judges the Ministers may rely on the support of the Caucus and the mob. One of the most painful characteristics of the democratic faction is a total absence of patriotic feeling. No other section of the community will sympathize with Mr. GLADSTONE's frequent repetition of the paradox that the objects of the Egyptian expedition were in no respect selfish. For this purpose selfishness must be understood as a regard for the interests of England which could alone justify interference in the domestic affairs of a foreign country. The war, which indeed was in Mr. GLADSTONE's judgment no war, was generally approved, not because it was beneficial to Egypt, but because it was undertaken to maintain the rights of England. Any other motive would have rendered the enterprise criminal as well as foolish, and it seems inadvisable to defend an imaginary policy on grounds which would have been sufficient to condemn it.

A less explicit declaration of policy consisted in an apparently rhetorical flourish about the means of perpetuating the union of what Mr. GLADSTONE is pleased to call "the three countries" of England, Scotland, and Ireland. It is not known that the Union with Scotland is threatened; but it is undoubtedly of vital importance to maintain the Union with Ireland. The means are, as Mr. GLADSTONE says, the maintenance of peace and order by any mode of administration which may, like the present Coercion Act in the hands of Lord SPENCER and Mr. TREVELYAN, be effective for the purpose. The other condition expounded by Mr. GLADSTONE is superficially plausible, and in the highest degree dangerous. It is impossible to deny that it is right to proceed towards the three or the two countries "on the principle of equal justice"; but justice must be adapted to circumstances, and popular privileges which may be comparatively innocuous in one country may in another promote revolution and anarchy. There

is neither equality nor justice in applying the same treatment to the friends and to the enemies of property and of law. Carriers take precautions in conveying dynamite or gunpowder which would be unnecessary in the case of hardware or groceries. Mr. GLADSTONE's phrase implies that the franchise in Ireland is to be lowered, and that local bodies are to be invested with powers which will be habitually used for treasonable purposes. There is no doubt that a degradation of the franchise will largely increase the number of Mr. PARNELL's followers, and that County Boards possessing a power of local taxation will be legalized branches of the Land League, the National League, or any other seditious organization which may from time to time be established. The equal justice which is offered will involve flagrant injustice to the orderly and loyal inhabitants of Ireland. The proceedings of the Boards of Guardians furnish ample warning of the inevitable operation of the promised system of local government. The reduction of the franchise will be not less inexcusable. The measure will be mischievous in England and Scotland. In Ireland it will be a deliberate sacrifice of public interest and of national security to a conventional show of symmetry and to party convenience.

IRELAND.

IT was to be expected that the wise though somewhat tardy resolve of the Government to prohibit Nationalist and Orange meetings in Ulster without distinction would enrage those who sympathize with the Nationalists. That the decision apparently required the personal efforts of Lord SPENCER in order to procure it, shows the strength of anarchic sympathies in the Cabinet. If Orangemen had been allowed to meet and Parnellites forbidden to meet, there would have been at least a colourable excuse for complaints of partiality. But the impartial prohibition of all assemblages calculated to produce a breach of the peace leaves those who complain of it without a rag of covering for their logical nakedness. The true and only explanation of their persistence in complaining is that in reality they make the matter a party question. The Parnellites are Radicals, though unorthodox and rather inconvenient Radicals; the Orangemen are Tories. To forbid an attack of the former on the latter because it is probable that the attacked party will defend themselves is therefore a crime. Nor is it open to the grumblers to retort that party sympathies tell as much one way as the other. For, in the present instance, what the followers of Lord CRICHTON and Lord ROSSMORE are resisting is an attack on the Decalogue and the Constitution of Great Britain. If any Radical advocate chooses to identify these things with the creed of partisan Conservatism, he may be left to the benefits and the consequences of his identification. That in times past the Orange party has been guilty of many dubious acts, that some articles of its creed are articles which few English Tories and fewer Liberals in the proper sense would care to subscribe, are contentions entirely beside the issue. The facts are that a series of provocations to a breach of the peace have been deliberately arranged, not by Orangemen, and that for the nonce, whatever they may have been or may be likely to be again, Orangemen are the defenders of the Constitution, of the rights of property, of the rights of personal liberty, and of the right to live and not die under the bludgeons and knives of the Nationalists. Only the extremist party blindness can obscure these very simple facts in the face of the language which Nationalist speakers use, and in face of the calendar of Irish crime for the last three years. To attempt to ignore them, and to treat Orange and Green in this instance as two unknown quantities, about which the law is in the dark, and with which it cannot interfere till one has broken the peace actually, when the breaker will alone be guilty, is childish. It is, in fact, only an additional instance of that almost desperate shutting of the eyes to the facts of Irish life and history which characterizes a large body of English politicians. When it is by experience certain that one set of persons are about (if only covertly) to incite to treason, murder, and robbery, and when another set of persons declare their intention not to have treason, murder, and robbery publicly preached in their neighbourhood, it is quite right that the law should save these latter the trouble of taking it into their own hands. But it is quite unreasonable to accuse it of winking at lawless action.

The conduct of the Irish Executive in instructing Mr.

HAMILTON to write a kind of apology to the Roman Catholic Archbishop of TUAM, in reference to the emigration proposal published by the *Freeman's Journal*, is less satisfactory. But it has afforded the namesake and successor of a more famous "JOHN of Tuam" an opportunity of showing once more the real character of the Irish Opposition, clerical as well as lay. The document in question was confidential, and its publication is another instance of breach of trust in official places. But there was nothing in it of which any Government need have been ashamed, and its suggestions were simply directed towards the carrying out, in a generous and not a mere dribbling spirit, of the one process which can make the Irish peasantry prosperous—the reduction of the superfluous agricultural population by copious and, where necessary, State-aided emigration. An innocent foreigner acquainted with most of the circumstances, but ignorant of the attitude which too many Irish clergy of the Roman communion adopt on this question, would naturally suppose that the Archbishop of TUAM would greet this proposal with joy, and, if he criticized it, would do so by suggesting a slight increase in the Government grant and a more elaborate attention to the settlement of the emigrants in new homes. The proposal to enable Irishmen to exchange certain misery for probable prosperity is, however, in this prelate's view, "most cruel in all its circumstances and details." It reminds his accurate historic conscience of the seventeenth-century practice of deporting Irishmen to practical slavery in the plantations, and his vivid imagination sees the emigrants "perishing in the snows of Canada." With clerics of this stamp talking in this fashion, and with Mr. HEALY reviving the No-rent doctrine in the most audacious form, and outstripping even the prairie-value theories of his leader, there is certainly but too little chance of persuading Irishmen of the West and South to follow the only course which can possibly lead to their own prosperity and to the prosperity of Ireland. Among the many evils of the Land Act, one good was thought not impossible, that some of the smaller holders, having obtained a saleable tenant-right, would realize it before it all passed into the hands of the shopkeeper or the Gomben man, and emigrate with the proceeds. Expectation of this can hardly be very sanguine when the clergy are, on the one hand, dinning into the ears of ignorant men that emigration means certain starvation in this life and probable damnation in the next, and agitators are promising them, on the other, that some day or other not one penny of rent shall be payable. A certain amount of assisted emigration Dr. MACÉVILLY and his fellows will probably be unable to prevent, for absolute beggars cannot be choosers. But the emigration which would be almost more valuable, that which leads to consolidation of holdings and sends out emigrants with some money in their pockets, they can probably hamper.

It is not easy to discern valid grounds for the rose-coloured pictures of the state of Ireland drawn by more than one Ministerial speaker during the present week. It is, of course, certain that the amount of overt crime in the country is not what it was this time last year, still less what it was in November 1881. It would be very odd if it were, considering that stringent Coercion laws, stringently administered, have to some extent restored the equilibrium which was disturbed by the reckless conduct of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government in relinquishing all extraordinary powers after they came into office. But outrages both on man and beast are still rife, the attitude of so-called popular assemblages is as hostile as ever, and such an incident as the result of the trial of POOLE renews the exhibition of the difference between England and Ireland. Much nonsense has been talked about the comments sometimes made on the disagreement of Irish juries. No reasonable person expects that verdicts of Guilty should invariably be brought in when the Crown prosecutes, nor is there—it need hardly be said—any intention of assuming or pronouncing upon the guilt of the prisoner in the present instance. But every one, save those who, as it has been observed, persist in examining Irish matters with their eyes shut, knows that when an Irish jury disagrees it is not for the reasons which make a Scotch jury acquit by a majority or agree to "Not proven," and in many cases induce English jurymen to give the benefit of the doubt in the only way open to them. If the reasons were the same, the result would be the same. Nothing is rarer in an English trial for murder than a disagreement of the jury, for the simple reason that, unless the case is very clear, none but a most bloodthirsty jurymen would insist on a verdict of

Guilty against the strongly-expressed opinion of his fellows. Irish juries differ not about the facts, but about the crime. In at any rate the great majority of cases it is not that they doubt the witnesses or consider the evidence insufficient, it is that, assuming the prisoner to have committed the act charged, some of them sympathise, if not exactly with his deed, at any rate with his motives and principles. This it is which makes an Irish trial for the most part a very disheartening spectacle. And as long as this is the case, so long will all congratulations over the number of rents reduced, the monthly average of hamstrung cattle and carded men, and other similar statistical comforts, be altogether delusive. It is true that while the tight hand of the present regimen is maintained it does not so much matter. But these congratulations are, unfortunately, too well known to be the regular precursors of a relaxation of government. There is one strong, if not very numerous, party which directly sympathises with the anarchists, and there is a large section of Liberals who theoretically dislike coercion to such an extent that they would be but too glad of any excuse for consenting to its removal. It is for this reason that it is necessary to raise a continual protest against the prophesiers of smooth things in reference to a country where Dr. JOHN MACÉVILLY is a minister of the Gospel and Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY a chosen spokesman of the people.

THE LUTHER FESTIVAL.

THERE has been some enthusiasm, but not very much, awakened in England by the celebration of the four-hundredth birthday of MARTIN LUTHER. It is natural that the German towns and villages in which he flourished should make historical processions in his honour. He did a great work for Germany, politically as well as religiously, and many Germans have joined in these celebrations who care as little for Lutheranism as for Romanism. The revolution he brought about in Germany, as M. BERSIER well pointed out in a speech at Paris, was conservative. It was embraced by priests and prelates, by nobles and princes. In France Protestantism became, from persecution, necessarily democratic. There is something in this distinction, but there is more in the fact that the Reformation in France must be traced to CALVIN; and the gloomy austerity of French Protestantism, which M. BERSIER contrasted with the joyousness and melody of the contemporary German movement, is to be laid to his door quite as much as to any political or social circumstance influencing his first converts. The French clerical organs, on the other hand, have vied with each other in such vituperation of LUTHER that, so far as can be judged from them, the continued profession of adherence to the Church of Rome has done little for the mind and manners and good taste of modern French Catholics. While we have been happily spared the extravagances of the German celebration, and the ill-tempered controversies of the French, we, too, have had our little quarrels, our little storms in our own teacups; and though no heads and no china have been broken, we should be glad to feel that the whole affair had blown over, and that it will not be necessary till after the lapse of another century to spend columns of daily papers and hours of weekly sermons in discussing LUTHER's morals and temper, the question of his tolerance or intolerance, and in endeavouring to accomplish the impossible task of assessing exactly the amount of his influence on the Reformation in England. On the whole, however, as we have remarked, it has not been found possible to work the feelings of Englishmen generally into any great heat of enthusiasm. LUTHER did much for the Church of England indirectly, no doubt, we may imagine people of common sense saying to themselves, but the same thing is true of GREGORY VII., and we are certainly not going to get up a HILDEBRAND celebration.

In the rain of notices and pamphlets with which the post has deluged our homes during the past few weeks, the ordinary observer has sought in vain for the great names which used to ornament Protestant manifestoes. Lord SHAPTESBURY seems to stand alone. True, the Archbishop of YORK has preached a sermon—which, by the way, was a model of moderation—but the name of his Grace was dragged rather unfortunately before the public in a newspaper controversy; and we cannot but regret that the Dean of YORK, by way of preventing the revival of quarrels and the stirring up of bad blood, should have contrived to attain both results. An ill-judged proposal at Oxford also fell flat. That the

University should issue an address of congratulation to the German EMPEROR on the occasion of the Luther Festival is an idea that can only be described as grotesque. It was, of course, defeated; and, if the majority against it was largely composed of High Churchmen, it also included many men of other ways of thinking, who perceived the absurdity of the proposal. The Bishop of LIVERPOOL, as was to be expected, took a prominent part in a meeting at which a Jew-baiting German preacher delivered an address on Wednesday night. There were several sermons in London churches last Sunday in which Luther was mentioned, as a rule with the most studied moderation of language; and, of course, there were also addresses by various Dissenting ministers, in which moderation was not so much regarded. Dr. ALLEN, for instance, rather unfortunately spoke of LUTHER's "ascetic pursuit of righteousness," and Dr. PARKER seems to have considered him a model of toleration, which, as contrasted with CALVIN, perhaps he was; but the idea of religious liberty did not exist in LUTHER's days, nor for long after; and we may be sure that if by chance he had heard it crudely stated, as it was stated in the City Temple, he would have utterly repudiated and reprobated it. That his doctrines have led to tolerance is quite another thing. Mr. SPURGEON preached at Exeter Hall with his accustomed humour and bad taste, and there were a few other discourses, both on Saturday and Sunday, which may have been interesting to listen to, but which are very dull to read over afterwards. Among them perhaps the most remarkable was a speech by Mr. FORSTER, who expressed his opinion that in the same circumstances WYCLIFFE would have acted as fearlessly as LUTHER acted. This kind of comparison is easily made, but to the historical student is worthless. We only know that when WYCLIFFE did encounter a bishop and a mob he availed himself with much alacrity of the protection of the Duke of LANCASTER; but if we are to have a WYCLIFFE celebration next, we may hope for an increase of our knowledge of his real character and the extent of his achievements. To Englishmen it is natural that WYCLIFFE, notwithstanding the greater distance of his career from our present era, should be a more interesting figure than LUTHER. In the first place, even a French reactionary newspaper could hardly call his morals in question. Moreover, he was an example of a type very dear to the ordinary English mind—that of a hard-working parish priest. He commends himself also to one section of Churchmen in that he remained strictly Catholic, in the best sense of the word, to his life's end. His influence on the development of the English language was greater even than that of his contemporary CHAUCER, and both were greater than the influence of LUTHER on German. If LUTHER's influence on German had gone deeper, perhaps it would be better for modern German readers. The contrast between a page of LUTHER's Bible and a page of a modern historical or theological work in the same language is one of the most unaccountable things in literature. That the German writer of to-day, who has received from LUTHER a weapon so bright, so sharp, so highly finished as the language of his translation of the Bible, should yet prefer to use a jargon such as that in which nine-tenths of the great works of the day are composed must always seem as strange as that the modern German type, which condemns half the nation to spectacles, should be preferred to the beautiful clear print in which LUTHER's innumerable tracts were issued. Should their study of the great Reformer's life and character lead modern Germans to return to his good use of his native language and to the admirable type in vogue in the earliest German publications, the present celebration will not have been held in vain.

When it is claimed for LUTHER that but for him the English Church could not have effected her reformation, we have another example of the kind of historical argument which would compare WYCLIFFE and LUTHER. That England would sooner or later have insisted on a reformation of the abuses which had crept into the Church under Roman influence we cannot doubt. But the ignorance of the commonest facts of history which claims HENRY VIII. as a Lutheran is paralleled by many another misapprehension. The one point at which the Reformed English Church and the Church of LUTHER met was that of "justification by faith." This, which was the central doctrine of his system, holds, to speak rather historically than religiously, a very minor place in ours. He broke away from the old orders, and necessarily his views, and still more those of his followers, on the sacraments differ from those of

our Church. The abolition of episcopacy, again, divides us from him; and the English Churchman who is loyal to his Church cannot persuade himself to join in a celebration which would carry him far beyond the utmost point which the teaching of his Church allows. It is this cautious feeling which has led to the want of Lutheran enthusiasm here. To join heartily in the movement is to condemn the Book of Common Prayer, for example—a fact which Lord SHAFTESBURY, in a curious piece of special pleading, endeavoured to explain away. To feel in full sympathy with the movement we must submit to hear the most fundamental principles of our Church condemned, or, what comes to the same thing, treated as of no moment. There are many English Churchmen who repudiate the doctrine of apostolical succession; yet they are not, on that account, disposed to acknowledge the validity of Lutheran orders. There are many English Churchmen who would be sorry to place the Book of Common Prayer above the Bible, yet who would shrink from Mr. SPURGEON's account of LUTHER's views. "To the Bible alone would he bow," said that eloquent Nonconformist, if he is correctly reported. There are innumerable other points of the same kind, and it cannot be doubted that many of our fellow-countrymen, from political motives, from admiration for courage, consistency, power, readiness, truthfulness, and many other great qualities, place LUTHER very high among the heroes of freedom, yet hesitate to identify themselves with those who not only admire such qualities, but go on to hold the same doctrines which LUTHER held. It is to be hoped that the gloomy forebodings of the Dean of York may not come true, that no ill-feeling will be caused by these commemorations; but if so, it will be because of the national moderation which shrinks from extreme views on any subject, and not because of any dislike to the character of LUTHER, or any apathy as to the great religious and political movements of which he was the author. The same moderation preserved our ancestors even when religion and opinion were matters of blood and fire. Great waves of thought and of doctrine have passed over us; but the history of English religion shows us nothing to set alongside the growth and prevalence of infidelity in Germany. It is this prevalence which should have been remarked by the preachers and lecturers of the past week. We do not wish to impute it to LUTHER or to Lutheranism; but it is the duty of those who have been lauding the German Reformer to account for it otherwise.

THE CAUSES OF SHIPWRECKS.

IT is now long since the merchant shipping of this country had the happiness not to know of its health. To judge by the Board of Trade Returns, it is in a highly satisfactory state. It is big, and daily growing bigger. There are more ships employed, and their average tonnage is steadily rising. There is little exaggeration in saying that all the world buys its iron steamers in England. In spite of all this apparent prosperity, however, complaints about the bad state of our merchant shipping have been heard for years. Mr. PLIMSOLL contrived to persuade everybody for a time that half at least of our vessels were rotten, and were sent to sea with the express intention on the part of the well-insured owner that they should go to the bottom. Then a great deal was heard about the sins of the sailors—their degeneracy, dishonesty, and laziness. When the case against the crews had been very amply stated, the masters and mates had their turn. Friends of the sailor came forward to show that he was always underpaid, often starved, and frequently brutally ill-treated by his superiors. Of late our reforming PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE has done his best to revive Mr. PLIMSOLL's agitation, and to fix the responsibility for the majority of shipwrecks on the owners. This is, at least, not a strained interpretation of his assertion that they frequently happen from preventable causes. There is unquestionably a great deal of exaggeration, both unconscious and conscious, in all this special pleading, beginning with the jeremiads of Mr. PLIMSOLL and ending with the lectures of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. But there is equally certainly a large element of truth. At sea as on land a considerable percentage of accidents is due to preventable causes. If shipbuilders never miscalculated or used bad materials, if owners were never grasping, if masters were always skilful, crews always efficient, and pilots always knew their business, there would be far fewer wrecks. Whatever the Board of Trade does to keep all these persons in the straight path will deserve encouragement, provided that the zeal of the depart-

ment be according to knowledge, and if it does not single out one class to be made responsible for the sins of the merchant marine. The shipowners who have lately been warned that they may expect to feel the weight of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S hand are not the only, or perhaps the chief, offenders.

It is by no means certain that anything which Government can do in the way of making rules and regulations will be of much service, but there can be no doubt that its efforts to improve the condition of the merchant marine will be useless if they are as one-sided as they have generally been hitherto. To judge from the letters, speeches, and circulars of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, his proposed remedies will prove as partial as others which have been tried already. He has fixed his attention on unseaworthy ships and reckless owners. Before another Merchant Shipping Bill is brought in, or any administrative measure taken, it is to be hoped that his attention will be called to the fact that this question also has two sides. It is almost useless to insist that all vessels shall be seaworthy if nothing is done to save them from being cast away by the misdeeds of their masters and crews. From this point of view, though certainly from no other, we may welcome a certain alleged conspiracy to defraud which has been lately reported in the papers. As the case has only been sent for trial, its rather obvious merits cannot be commented on with any detail. Mr. HOSEASON, the late master of the s.s. *Denia*, may prove that he has been unjustly accused; but, as nobody in the business community sees anything improbable in the story told by the prosecution, it may be taken for granted that the offences with which he is charged are believed to be not uncommonly committed. According to the prosecution's version of what happened, Mr. HOSEASON accepted a bribe from a firm of merchants at Libau to cast away his vessel, and would have run her on shore in the Kattegat if the command had not been taken out of his hands by his first mate. It is said that the motive of the merchants in tempting him to commit this serious crime was to secure the heavy insurance effected in London on the worthless cargo shipped by them at Libau. The conduct of the master appeared so suspicious, that he was dismissed from his post by the owners of the vessel, and if the evidence of the witnesses is to be believed, the attempt to defraud was certainly made in the most audacious manner. Whatever may be the rights of this story, it appears at the most fortunate possible time. In the face of the state of things which it reveals, even Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will be unable to assert that the shipowners are responsible for all the preventable cases of wreck. It is not to be supposed that a politician of his experience has committed himself to this proposition in so many words; but practically his speeches and circulars amount to little less. He insists on the fact that many wrecks occur which might easily be prevented, and then appeals to shipowners to help him. In the course of his speech at the Trinity House on Wednesday night the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE went beyond appeals, and used threats. They were not vulgar menaces of the direct kind, but ingenious suggestions of the class typified by the famous request "not to nail his ear to the pump." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN first gave the statistics of wrecks for the last two years, and then, after saying with perfect truth that every humane man would desire to prevent these disasters, he went on to point out that if Mr. PLIMSOLL'S agitation were to begin again, it could be carried on with complete success; he himself could supply facts "which, if they were known and appreciated by the people of this country, would rouse a cry of indignation from one end of the land to the other." Of course Mr. CHAMBERLAIN does not wish to hear any such cry. He has no desire to legislate in a panic, but he thinks it well to remind the shipowners that he can create the panic if he pleases. Before Mr. CHAMBERLAIN made what was really an attack on the whole body of shipowners, he should have at least tried to show what proportion of the wrecks of late years has been due to preventable causes, and among them how many to causes over which the shipowners had any control. Of the 1,303 vessels lost last year, some were stranded, some sunk by collision, and some cast away through the mistakes or incompetence of masters and pilots. All these are preventable causes; but the owner can do little to guard against them. A little consideration will convince anybody who has retained any faculty for looking at both sides of a question that there is even something very invidious in making the whole body of shipowners responsible for the conduct of a portion of their body who

deliberately send rotten vessels to sea. When shipowners are spoken of as a class, the speaker is supposed to refer to well-known firms or individuals of position. As a matter of fact, however, it is not these persons who have a character to support who are guilty of risking the lives of their servants. The owners who send out rotten vessels are generally in a very small way of business, and are not infrequently tradesmen in the lesser ports, and retired masters who have invested part of their savings in shares in a ship.

No legislation which is designed to diminish the number of shipwrecks will be of any considerable value if it leaves certain facts about the sailors themselves out of sight. They are proverbially a people by themselves, and they have, among other things which are peculiar to them, some very eccentric ideas on the matter of honesty. It is to be feared that the average British merchant sailor looks upon his ship and its cargo as fair booty if he can only get at them, or parts of them. But the moral weaknesses of sailors do not do much harm beyond a little pilfering as long as they are properly kept in hand by the master. The masters, however, are not always free from the failings of their men. In a large part of the merchant marine the commanders are men of some standing, and they hold posts which are well worth having. The vessels of the great Companies are, however, well found in every respect, and complaints of overloading and unseaworthiness are seldom or never heard about them. It is in the lower ranks of the trade that "floating coffins" are used, and that masters are to be found who are not much superior in education or morals to their crews. The latter nuisance is considerably more common than the former. Men of this stamp are subject to many temptations. They are indifferently paid, and are allowed to make a decent income by the help of perquisites. Now a uniform experience shows that from the recognized to the unrecognized perquisite is a very short step indeed. Such frauds as the master of the *Denia* is accused of may be rare, but it is probable that they account for some of the wrecks which are not caused by the "act of God." It must be remembered that it is very easy for a master to lose his vessel without committing anything which can be shown to be more than an error of judgment. Short of such villainy as this, there are many kinds of dishonesty which endanger a ship, even if only by fostering habits of drunkenness. Before allowing the natural indignation felt at the unnecessary loss of life at sea to be blown up into a class agitation, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would do well to prove his disinterestedness by trying to arrive at some definite idea as to what proportion of the loss is due to the unseaworthiness of the ships and what to the misconduct of the masters and men.

SPEECHES OF THE WEEK.

IT is to be hoped that the campaign among the English ports and manufacturing towns which M. DE LESSEPS has just opened will be attended by some rather more open expression of his sentiments and intentions than those which he made at Guildhall and at the Trinity House. On these occasions, the second of which, if not the first, might be considered as exceptionally well suited for a declaration of policy, M. DE LESSEPS observed an eloquent generality which was chiefly broken in one not too happy instance. He recalled a phrase of his own in which he had described English capital as "destined to pay interest on" the French capital expended. No doubt this phrase accurately expresses the division of destiny hitherto; but perhaps M. DE LESSEPS has insufficiently apprehended the fact that English capital has become a little tired of the part assigned to it. It would like, if only for a change, to pay some dividends on and to itself. M. DE LESSEPS'S compliments to Mr. GLADSTONE'S good faith are, alas! but a drug in the English market; there are so many native masters of the art of paying compliments to Mr. GLADSTONE. Neither is the edifying and elaborate insistence on the beauty of morality which has marked all M. DE LESSEPS'S utterances altogether reassuring as to his conception of the actual situation. That situation, it may be once more repeated, is a shipowners' question only partially, a commercial question not entirely, and until M. DE LESSEPS understands that it is so he will do but little good by exercising his persuasive powers either upon Chambers of Commerce or upon individual men of business. The plain fact is that Englishmen

object to being asked to add to the list of States and Powers of this world, which begins with their own country and ends with Andorra and the dominions of OKO JUMBO and JA JA, a mysterious politico-geographic entity called the Suez Canal, of which an exceedingly clever person named FERDINAND DE LESSEPS is irresponsible autocrat. This anomalous condition of things, and not merely the heavy tariff and the scant accommodation which are the results of it, is what has got to be altered before M. DE LESSEPS's English critics are satisfied. That he exhibited up to yesterday a childlike freedom from any consciousness of this fact, and put down past misunderstandings to the account of pounds, shillings, and pence merely, or to some delusion on the English part that the Canal is a French canal, may be taken as a proof that this unconsciousness seems to him likely to be advantageous, but as nothing more. Whether M. DE LESSEPS will ever cease to be thus childlike will depend, first, upon the attitude which English opinion takes up towards him, and, secondly, upon the extent of concession which he has himself no doubt already made up his mind to grant as a maximum. The adumbration of that maximum which has appeared on uncertain authority is not wholly unsatisfactory. So long as England remains in Egypt, it will probably never be M. DE LESSEPS's cue to assume an irreconcilable attitude. But the uncertainty of English stay there may possibly encourage him to be less reasonable than he otherwise might be.

If Mr. JOHN MORLEY intended by his reference at Reading to the behaviour of the University of Oxford towards Sir ROBERT PEEL and Mr. GLADSTONE to indicate that contrast with the faithfulness of Reading to Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, which has since been emphasized by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he certainly did a very unkind turn to the friend whose connexion with that borough he was celebrating. Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE is a useful and industrious official, whose political abilities are respectable, and whose political opinions, without being volatile, have such happy power of adapting themselves to circumstances as to have kept exactly abreast or just ahead of the opinions of the majority of the Reading electors, which majority has happened to be Liberal. Sir ROBERT PEEL and Mr. GLADSTONE were statesmen of the first rank, who, having got themselves elected as Conservatives by a staunchly Conservative constituency, naturally lost the confidence of that constituency when they adopted opinions not shared by the Conservative party. To compare Mr. LEFEVRE to either is simply unkind; to compare the constancy of democratic Reading to the fickleness of aristocratic Oxford is almost silly. If Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE becomes a hot Tory, or if the majority of Reading becomes staunchly Conservative, some remote parallel might perhaps be established. Of Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE's own speech in these delicate and interesting circumstances it is not necessary to say much. He told his audience how he had once served with Mr. BRIGHT; and it was perhaps in unconscious imitation of that distinguished politician that he devoted the greater part both of this and of a subsequent address to showing how he himself had always been right and the rest of the world—including Lord RUSSELL, Lord PALMERSTON, and some other weaklings—generally wrong. According to himself, Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE once even made "humorous observations"; and it is almost a pity that he did not recall them more precisely to memory. The LORD CHANCELLOR performed with greater taste than perhaps any man living could have done, and with the right earned by many years of private friendship, the part, inevitable on these occasions, of Mr. GLADSTONE's panegyrist. Mr. JOHN MORLEY, besides the reference to the bad conduct of his Alma Mater which has been already mentioned, made a complaint (Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE would doubtless call it an humorous complaint) of the killing slow pace of modern legislation. This, if not humorous, was perhaps a little unreasonable of Mr. MORLEY. During the twenty years for which Reading and England have enjoyed the services of Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, one Church has been disestablished, another has been forced to share a great part of the endowments which belonged to it with its avowed enemies, and has had its churchyards thrown open to the incursion of any and every hostile sect. The electorate has been immensely increased, on a principle from which the last semblance of coincidence with the lines of the old Constitution has been removed by recent manipulation of the lodger franchise. The landlords of Ireland have had a Property-tax of twenty per cent. levied on them for the benefit of their tenants, and the tenants of England have been presented with a joint right in their landlords' ground game. The claim of the poor to have

their children educated into competition with the classes above them at the expense of those classes has been invented and established. Half the laws of England have been turned topsy-turvy, and for the first time in history the country has submitted to pay without striking a blow several millions for the crime of having acted strictly within her rights. The goodness or the badness of these things are matters beside the question. But the sum-total of them as the result of twenty years' progress can hardly be said to prove that the pace of that progress has been killing slow.

The minor speeches at the COLSTON banquet deserve but little notice, for Lord NORTHBROOK was practically unsupported at the Liberal dinner, and the Conservative gathering was more remarkable for enthusiasm than for eloquence. Another West-country assemblage was made somewhat notable thanks to Mr. C. T. ACLAND's brilliant idea of reforming the House of Lords by associating eminent Non-conformist ministers with the Bench of Bishops. It is to be feared that the heartburning which would arise among the numerous and reverend gentlemen whom it would be physically impossible to choose would more than counterbalance the good effects of this new eirenicon. For there are very many sects in Britain, and if the smallest of them were omitted dire would be the tribulation; while if Mr. ACLAND proposes to group a few minor denominations on the plan of Scotch and Welsh boroughs, the tasks of assortment in the first place and of candidature afterwards might appal the stoutest heart. Lord NORTHBROOK's second appearance at Bristol, and his attempt to mend his hand in reference to the ILBERT Bill can hardly have been deemed very successful by anybody; and the non-political address which Sir RICHARD CROSS delivered last week at Paisley was chiefly noteworthy as evidence of the hold which the question of house accommodation in large towns has taken on the public mind. There are not many men better entitled both by their knowledge and their political record to speak on that subject than the late Home Secretary. Mr. BERNARD COLERIDGE has shown that if he succeeds in entering Parliament Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE will have a formidable rival of his own standing in petulance, in breeding, and political levity. Mr. FAWCETT has, as always, exhibited at Reading a type of Radicalism free from almost all the faults of that creed, and distinguished by a treble portion of such merits as it may claim in point of independence of thought and desire for the welfare of the public. But, on the whole, a week of unusual profusion of talk has done little more than furnish a perhaps paradoxical argument for the schemes of those earnest Radicals who desire that Parliament should sit all the year round, with its Saturdays and Sundays to itself, and, if it is good, perhaps a month at Christmas and Midsummer. Even then a great deal might be done in those two months and on the fifty-two Saturdays of the revolving year. Except that it must probably please somebody, the reason of this extraordinary loquacity is difficult to give. Of all the speeches of the recess, which has now lasted for a quarter of a year, two, and two only—those which Lord SALISBURY and Sir CHARLES DILKE delivered by an odd coincidence on the same day—stand out as really remarkable pieces of oratory. But the attitude of the modern constituent is probably identical with that of the Northern Farmer. He is uncritical, if not incurious, as to his member's utterances, but he is quite clear that he ought to utter. When the great problem of national disarmament by agreement is solved, perhaps political parties may take the lesson, and arrange a new *truga Dei* in the shape of a convention of silence.

MY GRANDFATHER'S POCKET-BOOK.

THERE are already so many questions which vex the human soul by crying continually for an answer, that in common mercy one hesitates before asking another. Yet although it has never yet been discovered why the sun puts out the fire, or what becomes of all the pins, or why the fire burns blue in frosty weather, we should still like to ask what becomes of all the old pocket-books, note-books, and account-books. Everybody keeps a note-book; some of us have commonplace-books; all are agreed that nothing is more interesting or more instructive than an old note-book—that is to say, one which contains the diary of common life in its day, with a rough account of prices and monies spent, and those brief reflections which show the contemporary mind as to passing events. Yet with that strange carelessness about the wishes and pleasure of posterity which characterizes all but poets, we never think of keeping our own note-books, or those of other people, for them to read. We fill them, they are thrown aside and

lost, and we take another. In fact, there is, though it is not generally known, a destructive demon as well as a guardian angel in every house. The former pernicious creature is continually occupied in hiding keys, breaking toys, losing books, making sets incomplete, and doing away with every kind of record which might be useful in creating that curiously interesting, personal, and semi-traditional history known as the Family Chronicle. Therefore, above all things, he loveth to destroy note-books, pocket-books, and household-books, so that they become as scarce, even in old families, as Queen Anne's farthings, while it is entirely owing to this mischievous being that to most middle-class families the great-grandfather is prehistoric, and nothing can be pretended concerning the past beyond a feeble belief that "we came out of Dorsetshire," or a mendacious assertion, half backed by some resemblance in the name, that "we are a cadet branch" of some noble house.

Somewhere about ninety years ago the demon of destruction laid his hands on all the note-books and pocket-books belonging to a certain Cambridgeshire family, and hid them away in a cupboard. This done, he paped over the door of the cupboard, and rubbed his hands, thinking that the cupboard itself, being now hidden away, would soon be forgotten, and with it the note-books, and with them the memory of the note-books of the writers, which would become speedily nothing more than a name in the Church Register, or on a tombstone, even as the memory of the unknown thousands lying in an old City churchyard. To hide away the books in a forgotten cupboard of an old country house, and then to cover up the cupboard with paper, was ingenious. But an accident prevented success. The cupboard had an iron door, and the children many years afterwards found that the place, if struck, sounded differently from the rest of the room and hollow; therefore the secret was discovered, the door forced open, the note-books found in piles upon the shelves, and the grandfather's life, adventures, and opinions restored to his descendants. All those who live in old country-houses should go round with the poker and tap their walls. No doubt there are many such cupboards hidden behind wall-paper full of pocket-books and diaries. If they could be made to give up their secrets, it would at least prove that it is far better to put old pocket-books into cupboards than to throw them into waste-paper baskets or among the heap of rubbish which is always accumulating in a library or a study. The notes which are now before us and before all the world, being published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, are those rescued from the cupboard, and they form a very curious and valuable record of a long, busy, and honourable career. They should, it is true, have made their appearance without the addition of the editor's remarks and without his ejaculations, printed with the text, and with nothing to show that they are not part of it; and it would have shown more respect to the subject had the notes themselves been printed in some kind of old-fashioned type. As it is, they need hardly any explanatory matter, and tell without assistance a pleasing story of eighteenth-century life of the better kind.

The writer of the notes—one Thomas Wale, descended from a good family—was born at Risby in Suffolk in the year 1701; the profession, calling, or position of his father is not stated; probably he had an estate there. At the age of seventeen he was apprenticed to a merchant at King's Lynn with a premium of 200*l*. Are there still merchants of Lynn who receive sons of country gentlemen at a heavy premium? One may remark that the contempt for trade which already shows signs of dying out is a perfectly modern feeling, and was in the early part of the last century only beginning. Even then, as in the days of Whittington and Fitzwarren, younger sons looked to trade as the most honourable as well as the surest way of rising. Later on in the century they went into the army. Young Thomas Wale, however, had the courage to undertake foreign trade with residence on the very outskirts of civilized life. At the age of twenty-four he sailed for Riga, there to carry on business "in the factorage and commission way" for his patron of Lynn and for certain friends in London. Writing seventy years afterwards, in his ninety-fifth year, the old man says, looking back upon the past:—

It will be reckoned wonderful indeed, how a young and inexperienced youth can abroad get forward in the world, without aid and the advice and assistance of his relations and friends; and a man cannot always be successful, as it happened to this poor young fellow, Thomas Wale, when he began trade in Riga, for want of knowledge in business and trade of that country, and for want of better advances to hire of ye Riga Burghers.

The trade of Riga was in skins, corn, hemp, masts, flax, and tallow; it was a city of over twenty thousand inhabitants; nearly a thousand merchant ships annually arrived in the harbour. The trade was jealously guarded; no foreigner was permitted to buy or sell with any but the burghers of the city; they were not to keep house, but were obliged to lodge and board with a burgher or widow of a burgher; they were not to marry in the place without the magistrate's license, or taking up the freedom of the city. It is not, therefore, surprising that the young merchant did badly for the first four years, and thought of fixing himself at Narva and St. Petersburg instead of Riga. In his fifth year, however, he received a remittance of 500*l*. from his father, with which he began to trade with better success. In 1738 he left Riga, after thirteen years' absence, in which he had travelled over a good part of Russia, and lived for six years in London, in "Messrs. Basket's printing-house in Blackfriars," but in 1744 returned to Riga, where he continued until the year 1764. In 1749 he married the daughter of a Lutheran clergyman, Louisa Rudolphina Rahten; she brought him as part or the whole of her dowry one Maya, as her hereditary

slave or bondwoman. In 1764 he brought wife and children home to England, and settled down in Little Shelford. Ten years later he went again to Riga, to settle the affairs of his firm, but returned the next year, and continued living the life of a well-to-do country gentleman, hunting, shooting, and fishing, with apparently no other ailments than a little rheumatism, until the end, in his ninety-sixth year.

The first thing to be done on bringing home his family was to naturalize them. In order to effect this Mrs. Wale had to take the Sacrament at the Lutheran Church; this done, the curate and the clerk of the church swore at the House of Commons to the certificate of communion, after which there was nothing to do but to pay 60*l*. for each naturalized subject. His household, the expenses of which he estimates at 580*l*. a year, consisted of his wife and himself, two sons and two daughters, three maids, a man and a boy, with a carriage and horses. Rent and taxes took 50*l*.; pin-money for wife and children 50*l*.; the horses and carriage 50*l*.—the coachman's pay was 7*l*. a year, and no allowances, so that he was probably a man of the village who found other work to do; housekeeping is set down at the wonderful sum of 39*s*. a week; wine and coals at 60*l*. a year; and doctors at 20*l*. As for wages, the footman got 7*l*. wages and 2*l*. for vails, with board and lodging, a frock suit every year and a livery every two years; the boy got board and lodging and 35*s*. a year; and the milkmaid had 2*l*. 10*s*. a year. As, however, we find that fowls were only sixpence apiece and pigeons three-halfpence, and as the profits out of the Riga business are stated to have amounted in one exceptional year to 8,000*l*., and averaged 2,000*l*. a year or thereabouts, it is clear that even this extravagant scale of housekeeping could be met by Mr. Wale without much anxiety. The domestic atmosphere meantime was anything but peaceful, and one admires the calmness with which the head of the house meets every tempest, just mentioning the event in his note-book without a word of temper or of passion. Thus his wife, Louisa Rudolphina, was certainly a lady of a high spirit; one servant after another had to go in consequence of her temper and their impudence. There is even a tradition, though it is only mentioned by the editor, and the note-book is silent on the subject, that she drove in her coach, with four horses and outriders, to Cambridge, in order to answer a charge of beating her maids; on one occasion Mr. Wale caught the footman stealing a bottle of wine and was petitioned by the culprit to say nothing about it to his mistress. The insertion of the following lines in the note-book may possibly bear a personal interpretation:—

Ye gods, ye gave to me a wife
Out of your grace and Favour,
To be the comfort of my life,
And I was glad to have her.

But if you, mighty powers divine,
A greater Bliss design her,
Tobey your wills at any time
I'm ready to resign her.

One of the daughters, Polly, unfortunately resembled her mother in point of spirit. There were perpetual quarrels between mother and daughter; the one, says the father, who rebuked his daughter and reasoned with his wife, but both unsuccessfully, being too severe, and the other obstinate and provoking. At length things came to a crisis; the mother refused all overtures at a reconciliation and Polly had to leave her home. She was sent as a parlour-boarder to the school of Mrs. Carwardine, of Baddon, the terms being five guineas entrance fee, ninety-five guineas a year for board and instruction, and ten guineas for pin-money. This lamentable result came about in spite of Polly's beautiful present to her mother of a fine wrought card-basket and purse, which was intended to compose all differences. Polly was courted first by a certain Mr. Clarke, but he is described as a "sorry fellow"; then by a Mr. Wood, of St. Catherine's College; but she afterwards married the Vicar of Stanton, in Suffolk, a certain Mr. Pemberton, and, we hope, got on better with him than with her mother.

The other daughter, Margaretha, was engaged to a Mr. Brundish, Fellow of Caius, who died, and we hear of no more engagements. One of the sons, Gregory, was sent, as stated above, to Riga. Gregory seems to have been a youth of cheerful disposition, to judge from one or two slight indications and a very lively letter which he wrote to his brother Charles. In it he tells a story of a dying soldier who was kindly assured by the clergyman that he could expect nothing but the very worst. "In that case," said the man, "my only hope is that I shall be able to bear it." Son Charles, at the age of sixteen, fell in with Lord Valentia and Sir Alexander Leith (? Keith), who were raising a new regiment, and was smitten with the military fever, so that nothing would serve but that he must get a commission. There were no examinations in those days, and the lad (who afterwards became a General and a K.C.B.) entered the 88th Regiment as an ensign, after raising fifteen men at a cost of thirteen guineas each. The next year his father bought him, for 150*l*., a lieutenancy in the 87th. There is an admirable letter from the young man describing his share in the siege of Gibraltar.

There are no other incidents in the life of "my grandfather." He rode a-hunting till he was nearly ninety years of age; visited his friends and received them and sat drinking with them, and filled his pocket-books with cuttings from newspapers and memorandums of dinners, births of children, and the little events of the day. In his ninety-fifth year he makes a pocket-book for his son Charles, gives a guinea to two boys, and exhorted them to the

old-fashioned virtues of obedience and duty. His last entry is as follows:—

All my faults and follies I leave behind me, with a wish that, as here they had their birth and origin, they may here be buried in oblivion. My little Graces, and my little Embrio Virtues, I hope are gone before me into Heaven, to prepare my way thither.

If Mr. Thomas Wale be taken as a fair specimen of a country gentleman of his century, then the common idea that it was a stay-at-home time is ridiculously wrong. He was continually travelling; thus, to say nothing of his journeys to and from Riga, about half a dozen in number, when he is sixty-seven years of age he takes a ride lasting for eighty-eight days, in the course of which he covers 1,240 miles, riding the same horse the whole time. He rode from Shelford to London; thence to Bath; and then northwards, through England, to Glasgow, Stirling, and Dundee; and back by way of Newcastle, Whitby, and Hull. He took his wife and her maid by post to Newcastle and back, a distance of 450 miles. Posting was then 9d. a mile; dinners were charged at 1s. 4d. a head, breakfast at 7d., and supper at 10d. The whole journey cost him less than 25l. Then they went for a week's driving about Suffolk, visiting, fishing, and seeing great houses. When he was over seventy years of age he went by himself for a six weeks' journey on the Continent, going to Paris, Geneva, Lausanne, Strasbourg, Frankfurt, Cologne, Rotterdam, Antwerp, and Brussels—a brave, active old man, whose interest in everything was maintained to the last. As for the daily manner of life, it did not in the least resemble that of Squire Western; there is no sign of drunken habits among Mr. Wale's friends. To be sure in Russia it was different; there they began dinner with a glass of brandy, followed by a glass of "ceure"; during the meal they drank mead and a kind of wine made by themselves, which was half spirit; ending with a glass of "double brandy"; and the same over again. But at home manners among the country gentry and landlords of Norfolk seem to have been as temperate as they are now; nobody, except a servant or two, gets drunk all through the volume; they have a good deal of sport in company; they visit and give dinners, drink wine, and are cheerful, even merry, together. They do not seem to have quarrelled at all; there is not a word said about duelling. For amusements there was Stourbridge fair every year in September, and some of them certainly thought little of a journey to London, where the Pantheon seems to have been a great attraction for country gentlemen. The tickets were half a guinea each, and there was a tea-room and dancing after the music. They are very neighbourly and friendly with each other, and are constantly exchanging presents of fish, game, turkeys fattened with walnuts, and hogs fed on pease. In the matter of presents Mr. Wale even went so far as to send to Nantes for a "Moor boy" as a present to a lady; the market value of the article seems to have been about twenty-five pounds. They give each other receipts for all kinds of things—to make shrub, which is a compound of brandy, white wine, milk, lemon and sugar, very delicious, and able to lift off the top of a man's head; to cure rheumatism and gout by sovereign specific; to live long—but, alas! Mr. Wale has not left us his own rules—to brew good ale, to cure the distemper, to make Mrs. Gibberd's pudding or clarey wine, and to make up a horse for sale.

It is a pleasant life to contemplate; we see the portrait of the old man whose life with all his faculties was prolonged to near a hundred years, drawn faithfully, though unconsciously, by his own hand. He is of a kindly affectionate nature, equable in temperament, generous to his relations; fond of society and sport; much addicted to travelling about; not without a sense of the serious side of life, and fond of finding things in papers and magazines which he can jot down in his note-book, and produce in conversation at the dinner-table. The book is full of these good things, and lest we should be tempted to pick some of them out we close it resolutely, and inform the reader that he may look them out for himself by ordering the book at his bookseller's.

PUBLIC WORKS IN INDIA.

IN the Queen's Speech at the opening of Parliament in February 1882 one paragraph referred to India. Her Majesty said:—"I have pleasure in informing you that the restoration of peace beyond the North-Western Frontier, together with continued internal tranquillity, plentiful seasons, and increase of revenue, has enabled my Government in India to resume works of public utility which had been suspended, and to devote its attention to measures for the further improvement of the people." This statement obviously suggested that amongst the baneful consequences of the abominable Afghan War was a considerable reduction of expenditure on public works, owing to the demand on the finances which that war had entailed, and that amongst the blessed results of the withdrawal of our troops from Afghanistan was a large increase of expenditure on such works; further, that certain important works had been suspended during the war, and had been resumed on its cessation. Since then the Finance and Revenue Accounts of India, giving the accounts of the years 1880-81 and 1881-82, have been presented to Parliament, as well as the Revised Estimate for 1882-83. The whole of the accounts from 1871-72 have also been recast in an improved form. We have been at some pains to examine these papers, in order to ascertain the meaning of the passage in the Queen's Speech, and what were the public works to which reference was made. The burden on the finances evidently

consists of the net expenditure which has to be met from the revenue. We shall hereafter refer to the capital expenditure on productive public works which is provided for from borrowed money, and at present confine our attention to the charges on the revenue. We find the net charges to have been as follows:—

1878-79	1879-80	1880-81	1881-82	1882-83
£	£	£	£	£
5,684,016	5,913,600	6,455,548	4,532,674	6,083,334

The first of these years was anterior to the war, the next two were the years of the war expenditure; in 1881-82 the war charges were covered by the contribution from the English Treasury, and in 1882-83 there were no such charges. Bearing these facts in mind, as well as the statement put into Her Majesty's mouth, we are somewhat surprised to find that during the year 1880-81, when the war charges were the heaviest, the net expenditure on public works was the largest, and that since that year there has been not only no increase but a considerable decrease in that expenditure. But these net figures are arrived at by deducting from the gross expenditure the revenue received from public works not classed as productive, and also by including in the account the net profit or loss from productive public works. This last is an important item, for in the year 1878-79 there was a loss of 1,247,699l., and in 1879-80 a loss of 277,657l., which increased the net charges on the revenue by those amounts, while in the next three years the loss has been turned into a profit of 122,349l., 1,133,058l., and 453,370l. respectively, by which the net charges on the revenue have been diminished. The last figure is probably an under-estimate of the actual profit which was realized in 1882-83. Leaving out of the account these figures, as well as the revenues received from works not classed as productive, amounting annually to something between 700,000l. and 800,000l., and also the expenditure on works protective against famine, we find the gross expenditure to be as follows:—

	1878-79	1879-80	1880-81	1881-82	1882-83
	£	£	£	£	£
Railways	226,846	1,805,760	2,370,618	489,882	970,473
Irrigation and Navigation ...	630,919	668,907	709,103	789,933	919,834
Other Public Works	4,318,217	3,892,409	4,312,997	5,113,716	5,418,272
Total	5,176,012	6,367,076	7,392,718	6,393,531	7,308,579

Here, again, the totals show the reverse of an increase in the gross expenditure since the war; but it appears from the detail that, while there has been a very large decrease in the expenditure on railways, there has been a slight increase on irrigation and navigation works, and a large increase on "other public works." These other public works are civil and military buildings and communications. The chief expenditure during the war on railways not classed as productive was on what are called frontier railways. It would thus appear that the meaning of the passage in the Queen's Speech was that during the war large sums were diverted to frontier railways which since the war have been applied to other non-productive railways, and to buildings and roads. It may be questioned whether such a change in the application of the Indian revenues was so important and beneficial as to call for prominent congratulatory mention in Her Majesty's Speech to Parliament. Although the "frontier railways" have been treated as one of the expenses incident to the war, it would be a great mistake to suppose that they are not of permanent value to the country. These railways are lines from Rawalpindi to Peshawar and to Khushalgarh on the Indus in the direction of Kohat, and the line from the Indus further south to Sibi in the direction of Kandahar. Mr. J. L. Danvers, in his last report on Indian Railways, has described the lines from Rawalpindi as "completing continuous communication between the extreme North-West Frontier and the principal towns and seaports." In fact they, with the Sibi line, connect the frontier in three important points with the great trunk lines of railway from Calcutta, Bombay, and Karachi. The extension from Rawalpindi to Peshawar was part of the original scheme of the Punjab Northern Railway, and its construction for the purposes of the Afghan War was only anticipating by a few years what was always intended should be done. All these lines are not only of great permanent military importance, saving great expense in case of future difficulties on our frontier, and lessening the cost of transport of troops and stores at all times, but they also serve to develop the commerce of the country. Although they may not be immediately "productive" according to the official definition of that term, which means directly and completely self-supporting, there can be little doubt that they will pay their working expenses and yield something more towards meeting the interest on the cost of their construction. With regard to the Sibi line Mr. Danvers writes:—"Colonel Sir Oliver St. John, late Resident, Southern Afghanistan, has borne testimony to the value of the line as a commercial route. The traffic has increased during the year both in passengers and goods. Wheat and wool are the principal articles of commerce." The present Government in their wisdom abandoned the continuation of this line to Kandahar, owing, we presume, to its connexion with the wicked war, and sacrificed much valuable material, as the works were in progress for another forty miles. The cost of the relinquished portion of the line was estimated by Major Baring at 560,000l., which has been charged to Military Operations. Railway communication between two countries at peace with each other is not necessarily of an aggressive character, and is ordinarily supposed,

by increasing commercial relations, to afford an additional guarantee for continued amity. The Afghans, especially those of Kandahar, are a people of intensely commercial instincts, and thoroughly alive to their trading interests. Strings of their laden camels yearly come to India, and their goods penetrate far into the interior. The probability is that, were the railway completed, the Kandaharis would become its most efficient guardians, and would be prepared to cut the throats of any who disturbed a rail. While we are shrinking from extending our railway communication with Afghanistan, our good friends the Russians are straining every nerve on the other side to bring their railways, both for military and commercial purposes, towards the Afghan frontier. Amongst the permanent benefits of the line to Peshawar must be mentioned the removal of the necessity for maintaining a large garrison in that valley which has proved the graveyard of so many British soldiers. The present Government has done all it can to deprive India of every advantage acquired at the expense of so much blood and money in the recent war with Afghanistan. We may be thankful that it has not pulled up the rails of the so-called frontier lines within British territory, and that these will remain a standing memorial of the campaign for the permanent benefit of India. Of the 970,473*l.* allotted in 1882-83 to railways not classed as productive, more than one-fourth was appropriated to the completion of these frontier lines. The small increase in the expenditure on irrigation and navigation works not classed as productive calls for no remark. During the war a similar increase on the previous year took place. The increase of expenditure on other public works not classed as productive has somewhat exceeded one million annually. Of the whole sum—nearly 5½ millions—devoted to these works, about one-fourth is appropriated to communications—that is, ordinary roads and bridges—and the remainder to buildings. Amongst the new works Major Baring specified new Treasury and Central Press buildings, new Military Account offices, and the Imperial Museum at Calcutta. It can hardly have been on the diversion of funds from railways to works of this character that Her Majesty congratulated Parliament.

We must not omit to mention that, besides the gross sums shown above as spent on unproductive works, the Government of India have since the Afghan War appropriated half the famine insurance surplus of a million and a half annually to what are called protective works against famine. The object for which this surplus was created by the measures of Sir John Strachey, under Lord Lytton's Government, was the provision in years of plenty of funds to be spent in years of famine, and the method indicated for effecting this object was "either by the direct discharge of debt in times of prosperity, or by investments of surplus revenue in productive public works, under conditions that shall ensure their being really remunerative, and that they shall at the same time supply to the country the best material protection against famine." Lord Ripon has departed from these sound conditions. While applying half the money to the reduction of debt, he has granted the other half to be spent on works which are avowedly not expected to be directly productive. Unless these works lead in time of famine to the saving of expenditure on famine relief equivalent to the cost of their construction and maintenance, the application of the surplus to them is not properly an insurance against such expenditure. Now, although these works may be very useful in saving life, it is extremely doubtful whether they will save expenditure in time of a widespread failure of the seasonal rains. At such a time the pressure of distress is so great that the whole available resources of the State are insufficient to cope with it; and, even if relief is brought to thousands by these canals and railways, the expenditure of the Government on behalf of the remaining millions is barely affected. The application of surplus revenue to unproductive protective works against famine is a new policy, and could not be said to have been resumed in consequence of the restoration of peace.

There remains to be noticed the capital expenditure on productive works. This, as we have already stated, is met from borrowed money. There has been a decrease of such expenditure since the war in consequence of the rigid rule limiting such expenditure to an average of 2½ millions a year having come fully into force. This rule was adopted on a recommendation of a Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1879. It is in consequence of it that the Government of India has been driven to appeal again to private enterprise, which, it hoped, would invest capital in railways without any Government guarantee of interest. This hope has been disappointed. We believe only one railway, the Patna Baraich line, has been started without such a guarantee, and the success in the market of that undertaking has not been brilliant. If private enterprise cannot be enlisted in railways without a Government guarantee, it seems advisable that the policy initiated by Lord Lawrence of constructing all productive works from funds borrowed directly by the State should be again adopted, for a return to the guarantee system is out of the question. This policy is thus described in a Resolution of the Government of India of March 1878:—"The policy which has hitherto guided the Government of India in its action has been based on the assumption, which experience has shown to be a sound one, that the gradual improvement of the income derived from the larger reproductive works, including under this head the guaranteed railways, would admit of a certain yearly additional expenditure of borrowed money for extending such undertakings, without bringing on the revenues any consequent larger net charge, when the increased income had been set off against the increased interest on the borrowed capital. It was on this principle that Lord Lawrence in 1869, in his Minute on railway extension, advocated the gradual but systematic con-

struction of railways, and on it the Government has since been acting with most satisfactory results. By regulating its operations within these prudent limits, the Government has been able to apply a sum of not less than 25½ millions to reproductive works during the last eight years, without thereby adding to the total charge of interest on account of the public debt, including under that name the guaranteed railway capital." Notwithstanding the excellent results of this policy, which, although it added considerably to the nominal capital debt of India, added nothing to the burden of that debt in the way of interest charge, the Secretary of State, in accordance with the recommendation of the Parliamentary Committee, substituted for this policy that of limiting the annual capital expenditure to 2½ millions, a sum quite insufficient to provide for the wants of the country. The time has arrived for reconsidering this decision with reference to the large amount of profits now realized from the productive public works, amounting in 1881-82 to more than one million, and the great decrease in the net interest charge on the Indian revenues. In spite of an increase of 50 millions in the public debt of the Government of India between the 1st of April, 1872, and the 1st of April, 1882, the net charge for interest in 1871-72 was 5,594,822*l.*, while there was an excess expenditure on the revenue account of productive public works amounting to 1,389,047*l.*, making a total burden on the revenues of nearly 7 millions; the net interest charge in 1881-82 was 3,661,196*l.*, and there was a profit on the revenue account of productive public works of 1,133,058*l.*, making the total net burden on the revenues 2½ millions, or a decrease in ten years of nearly 4½ millions. If occasion had been taken in the Queen's Speech to which we have referred to congratulate Parliament on the encouragement and opportunity afforded by these facts and figures for increasing the expenditure on productive public works in India, those who are interested in the welfare of that country might have been more satisfied than they have reason to be by the announcement which was made, and which merely meant that funds which during the war were employed upon railways have been diverted to ordinary roads and unproductive buildings.

BUDA-PEST.

IF ever the Empire of the Hapsburgs were to change its name, abandoning the present cumbersome appellation of Austria-Hungary, the title Danubia would be a good substitute. The Danube with its tributaries, literally no less than metaphorically, is the arterial circulatory system of that extensive realm; along its stream an extensive commerce is carried on, and on its banks are placed the capitals of both the component parts of the present dual Empire. It is down that stream that the traveller should go who wishes to visit the Hungarian capital, for the charm of Buda-Pest lies in its position on both sides of the river, and there is nothing to strike the eye in the approach by rail. Leaving Vienna in the early morning, he will arrive at Buda-Pest after a long day of thirteen hours; if in summer, while there is yet daylight, if in autumn, with a dusky twilight and the lamps on either side of the stream and on the suspension bridge to show him that his destination is reached. In either case the beauty of the approach cannot fail to give him unusual pleasure.

It cannot be said that the Danube between Vienna and Buda-Pest is worth a long journey to see it. Those who visit the river for the scenery along its banks should go to its upper reaches between Passau and Vienna; or to the part below Belgrade, through the Iron Gates. With the exception of Pressburg, on the Hungarian frontier, where the Western or Little Carpathians bend down and die away against the northern bank of the river, and the part between Gran and Waitzen, where the Bakonyer Wald touches the southern bank at the great angle which the Danube makes there, there is nothing to gratify the lover of rocks and ruggedness between the two capitals. The rest of the route lies between low banks, covered with tall waving grass, so low that the river seems scarcely to have made up its mind as to the course which it should take, but sprawls over a wide expanse, embracing numerous eyots with its divided stream. The monotony of the route is varied by the hundreds of water-wheels which turn with the stream, each between two barges moored near the shore, of which one is covered in with an ark-like erection, containing the apparatus of the mill; but these also become monotonous as the day wears on. Still, there is the call at Pressburg, the old capital of Hungary when the Turk ruled at Buda and meditated the attack on Vienna itself, destined to a disastrous end; at Komorn, with its fortress and its associations with the death-pang of the Revolution of 1848; and at Gran, with its domed cathedral, a sort of St. Paul's as it would appear if set down on the Surrey hills; and, to crown all, a good dinner below on the excellent boat of the Danube Steamship Company, to break up the day. For the Englishman there is much novelty in the sight of the people to be found on the bustling quays at the various halting-stages—the peasant, with his sheepskin cloak and tall boots, and the Magyar gentleman, with his picturesque costume, a survival from his Oriental origin which, by reason of his comparatively late appearance in Europe, he has not yet discarded. But we must come, as the boat does, to Buda-Pest itself, the object of the water-journey, and, as we have said, the motive which decides us to choose this method of travel—Pesth-Ofen, as the Germans call it, by reason of the hot sulphur-springs and Turkish baths or ovens at Buda—putting the more extensive section of the city before the more venerable in th-

title. Owing to the great angle made by the river below Gran, Pest must be described as lying, not on the north but on the east bank, and Buda on the west—indeed they face due west and due east respectively. Till some ten years ago they were sister-cities, holding hands, as it were, across the stream, by the Englishman Clark's superb suspension bridge. They are now one city with a common municipality. Unlike London, which in some respects the city resembles by its position on both sides of a broad stream—for the Danube there looks as broad as the Thames at Charing Cross at high tide—Buda-Pest has the advantage of a sharp contrast of appearance as one surveys the panorama from the one bank or the other. Viewed from Buda, Pest presents a long and handsome frontage to the river, white and well-built, such as, it may be hoped, the Victoria Embankment may one day exhibit, with a large city behind it and beyond that a level plain. As seen from Pest, Buda shows in the foreground the King's Palace on an eminence, immediately opposite the western end of the bridge, presiding, as it were, over the whole city, and lower down the "frowning Blocksberg," with its sheer side towards the Danube, backed by spurs of the vine-clad mountain-ranges behind, one of which, the Schwabenberg, can be ascended by the tooth-wheel railway, like the Kahlenberg at Vienna, climbing among the vineyards which yield the Ofner wine, so as to get a magnificent view of the whole city and neighbourhood for many miles around. Pest, again, as is the wont of cities on level ground, is regularly built and well laid-out, while Buda straggles in and out and uphill and downhill in most capricious manner.

The composite and heterogeneous nature of the Hapsburg Empire is fully realized by the traveller on taking his first walk in Buda-Pest. Everywhere, nowadays, the German language is rigorously excluded from public inscriptions, whether on street-corners, or tramcars, or steam-ferry piers; and this though the King, Francis Joseph, is himself a German, and Germans by thousands are in the city. In this the Hungarians are taking a full revenge for the impolitic attempts to crush their nationality in the past, and, as all Hungarian children are now taught their own language, in the first instance, at elementary schools, and German rather as an accomplishment, no inconvenience, we presume, is felt by the majority of the population at this jealous exclusion of the tongue spoken by the hated "Schwab," as the German is there called. The Englishman, however, with his smattering of German picked up at school or elsewhere, must needs regret that the two languages are not used in public places, as French and Flemish are in Brussels and German and Czech at Prague. It would be of no consequence in his eyes which language stood first, so that he might get the German somehow. Possibly that tongue will again appear in Buda-Pest for the benefit of the many who cannot master Magyar articulations, when the soreness which has sprung from past tyranny has had time to subside. To take one instance of the trouble caused by the exclusion of the German tongue. Baedeker speaks of the *Stadt-waldchen*, obviously as any educated Englishman sees, some kind of park, but when the foreigner searches for the name on the tramcars he cannot find it. *Város Liget*, though he knows it not, is the name he wants. There would, of course, be nothing strange in all this were Hungary in every way a separate State; but it shows an unaccommodating spirit towards other subjects in the same Empire, who are as helpless in the matter of the language, very often, as the Englishman himself.

The language of the Magyars, like many others, sounds softer when heard in the streets or on the stage than it looks in print. This is partly owing to the fact that, in adopting the Roman character, they had to match forty native articulations with less than thirty letter-symbols; hence the rough-looking compromises and collocations of letters such as *cz* and *sz*, to express their original sounds. A well-known linguistic peculiarity, noticed everywhere over the shops at Buda-Pest, is the putting of the Christian name after the surname, which puzzles the observer at first, as in most countries there is more variety of surnames than of Christian names, and it looks, till it is understood, as if in Hungary the opposite of this holds good. The Hunyadi János water is an instance of the Hungarian fashion in this respect, being named from János or John Hunyadi, the great champion of his country against the Turk.

The most attractive part of Pest is, as might be expected, the river-frontage, with its well-built façade of white buildings and its acacia-graced roadway, where there is little vehicular traffic, and where there are plenty of springy-seated iron chairs to let at a low fee to those who care to rest. Lines of steps lead down from the roadway to the river's edge, which are rendered picturesque in the daytime by the fruit-sellers who crowd them, the women brightening up the scene with their orange or scarlet kerchiefs, and the melons themselves, in autumn, being a sight to see. There are few more luxurious delights than the sitting among these trees in the cool of a late summer evening, listening to a military band playing native airs, and sipping ice-coffee, with the Danube rushing by at one's feet, while across its stream the palace at Buda and the Blocksberg are framed in the radiant red glow of the sunset.

But, notwithstanding the attractions of its river-frontage, Pest is no mere veneered city, with a fair line of buildings hiding dirt and squalor behind it. Many of its streets are as good as the best in Brussels or Stuttgart, for instance, and all have a tolerably modern aspect. One must cross to Buda to see anything ancient. Pest itself is, to a large extent, of almost mushroom growth; indeed its site, on a plain dominated by the Blocksberg, made it

an impracticable position during the turbulent middle ages. It has sprung, like many another comely city, almost out of the waters, since the days when commercial advantages have taken precedence of military requirements.

We will not invade the province of Baedeker and his kind by describing the sights of Buda-Pest in order—its theatres, national and German, its picture-gallery, which contains the celebrated Esterházy collection, and its other kindred attractions—but will only recommend the traveller, weary of city sights, to take boat to the Margarethen Island, which lies a little above the city in the middle of the Danube—a long, narrow, wooded island, with its cafés, and its tramway running the whole length among the trees, with peeps at the river at intervals. A delightful spot is this where to recruit his energies for three or four hours after much pacing through dusty streets and on hot pavements. Let him go there, if he seeks quiet, in the daytime, for in the evening he will be one of a crowd. Meditating there on his surroundings, he can think of the time when, where Buda stands, the Roman legionaries paced up and down, guarding the frontier of the Empire, and watching with suspicious eyes the movements of the barbarians on the opposite bank; for Rome ruled Buda in Augustus's day, but never Pest. Even when Dacia was added to the Empire, the strip of land between the Danube and its great tributary, the Theiss, where the two rivers run due south, was left in barbarian hands, and where Pest is built the *Iazyges* maintained their independence. Strange thought that now one city stretches across the stream, linking old Roman and barbarian realms! He can think also of Arpad and his 200,000 Magyar warriors in the ninth century streaming into the land from the East, first cousins to the Turk, but without the Koran to hinder them from becoming European; and, lastly, of the Turk himself dominating the Hungarian plain, with a pasha governing at Buda for 150 years in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, till the *giaour* locked the gates of Christendom against the Moslem for ever by the Peace of Carlowitz.

SONGS AND WAR SONGS.

THERE is a certain saying of Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun which is now become familiar enough to have bred contempt; and even Fletcher does not pretend to have made the precious saying for himself. "I knew a very wise man," says Fletcher of Saltoun, "that believed if a man were permitted to make the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." He would not be a very wise man nowadays who should make this remark, whatever he may have been in the days when the ballad-singer was the only novelist, and when newspapers were not ubiquitous and omniscient. The invention of printing was as fatal to the minstrel as it was to most of the other instruments for preserving of oral traditions; they may die hard, but die they must sooner or later. And, moreover, the very wise man erred if he believed that the ballads of a nation can—in any exact sense of the word—be made. If there is any one thing more impossible than another, it is the manufacturing to order of a popular song. Nothing seems easier, and nothing is more difficult. The Second Empire could not find anything better for use on State occasions than the feeble and feminine "Partant pour la Syrie"; and the United States of America have not yet been able to settle on any martial lyric at all worthy of the greatness of the nation, hesitating between the rather trivial "Yankee Doodle" and the not wholly satisfactory "Star-Spangled Banner"—even the mighty struggle of the Civil War having failed to suggest a war-song acceptable in all respects. In fact, it seems as though a national hymn is born, not made. We may suspect that, like Topsy, it "grows." The one really great war-song, the "Marseillaise," was due to the unconscious conjunction of the hour and the man. Rouget de l'Isle builded better than he knew and accomplished more than he intended. Had he been burdened by the desire to write a national hymn, it may well be doubted whether he would have produced even a good partisan ballad. Time is the best collaborator of every poet, and it was this literary partner who won enthusiastic acceptance for the burning verses of Rouget de l'Isle. Even in Italy, the land of song, the freeing of Rome and of Venice and the consummation of national unity, with all the yearning and intensity engendered in the act, failed altogether to call forth the patriotic lyric one might fairly have expected from a people among whom the improvisatore's is a recognized calling. "Viva Garibaldi! viva libertà!" is a lively air, but it is not so very much above the level of "Partant pour la Syrie." When all is said, it seems as though the "Wacht am Rhein" was the only really important addition made by this generation to the meagre list of national hymns. And there is no need to lay stress on the great inferiority of the German air, stirring as it is, to the nobility and dignity of "God Save the Queen," or to the fiery and martial might of the "Marseillaise."

The ready-made patriotic poem is generally as perfunctory as a birthday ode. Even the best of them—Musset's "Rhin Allemand" for example—fine and fiery as they may be, are rather words for music than an actual song singing itself spontaneously into being. The best of them have been written to a pre-existing tune. Rouget de l'Isle adapted the music of the "Marseillaise" at the moment when he composed the lines; and Francis Scott Key, when as a prisoner on the English fleet he witnessed the bombardment of Fort Mifflin, and was thereby moved to write the "Star-Spangled Banner," fitted the words to the air of a

preceding patriotic song known as "Adams and Liberty," not knowing, or not caring, that "Adams and Liberty" was sung to an English hunting-tune known as "Anacreon in Heaven," and composed by Samuel Arnold. In case it is ever definitely and decisively established that "God Save the Queen" was the work of Jean Baptiste Lully, the friend and musical collaborator of Molière, it may be some compensation to know that the "Star-Spangled Banner" was the work of an Englishman. Whenever a would-be national hymn has not been written for a given time, and sometimes even when it has been thus written, it is more than likely to be merely literary, and to lack, either wholly or in part, the direct simplicity and manly pathos of a song which comes spontaneous and unexpected from the heart of the people. It is likely to smell of the lamp; and the slightest flavour of midnight oil is certain death to a popular song. It is likely to contain too many of what Henri Monnier would call *mots d'auteur*. It is likely to lay itself open to the French criticism of not being *assez véca*. Even when a writer like M. Paul Deroulède overcomes this difficulty, with more or less success, his martial strains remain at best only fine words ready to be set to music. And fine words do not make a war-song any more than they butter parsnips. The song has a better chance of life when the air is satisfactory, although set to inadequate and unworthy words. Thus it is that the American marching-song, "John Brown's Body" has a vitality of its own, although the words most often sung to it are of the most elementary nature. The massive simplicity of this tune—which was greatly favoured by the troops in Zululand—will be gainsaid by no man who had the good fortune to hear it sung by Northern soldiers in the early days of the war. To have heard it sung by a regiment of stalwart backwoodsmen from the State of Maine, more than one thousand strong and with no man under six feet in height, marching down Fifth Avenue in New York on its way to the seat of war, is to have heard a thing difficult indeed to forget.

More than one American poet tried to find fit words for an air which stirs the blood like the blare of a trumpet, but the rude stanzas of the original song have held their own against all more polished and perfect competitors. Oddly enough, it is not exactly certain who was the composer of "John Brown's Body." At least there is but meagre information to be found in the most elaborate collection of lyrics, *Our Familiar Songs, and Those who Made them* (New York: Holt & Co.), a bulky tome prepared with great care and thoroughness by Helen Kendrick Johnson. And there is no information on the subject to be got out of a more recent American collection of *War Songs* (Boston: Ditson & Co.). Mrs. Johnson's book errs on the side of fulness, if at all, and she has been too hospitable to the musical settings of famous poems, which are not fairly to be classed as familiar songs. But with these reservations her work has been admirably done; and we should be glad to see an edition of the book prepared for English readers, who will discover with some surprise the American origin of many songs as frequently heard on this side of the Atlantic as on the other. We all know that John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," was an American by birth, although he wrote his song to be used in a play prepared for an English theatre; but it was not generally known that the author of the old song "Ben Bolt" was an American yet living, or that the author of "A Life on the Ocean Wave" was an American only lately dead. It is hard to say just how familiar may be "Old Dog Tray" and "Woodman, Spare that Tree," but familiar or not they are of American origin. And the "Old Folks at Home," the wailing refrain of which whoever may have heard it sung by Mme. Christine Nilsson will not soon forget, is American, both in authorship and in subject. On the other hand, the Americans have borrowed the airs of some of their most famous songs. They were not willing to let the British have all the best tunes. As we have already noted, the "Star-Spangled Banner" is Dr. Arnold's "Anacreon in Heaven." "Yankee Doodle" is substantially identical with the "Lucy Locket lost her pocket," which came into notice just after the great success of *The Beggar's Opera*, and which survives to this day in childish recollection, having recently reappeared in one of the delightful little books of Miss Kate Greenaway or of Mr. Walter Crane. Even the beautiful air to which are set the words of "Maryland, my Maryland," is not indigenous; it is a modification of a German air called "Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum," to which college students are wont to sing the lusty chorus of "Lauriger Horatius."

This leads us to the fertile subject of the transmigration of tunes, which deserves a paper by itself, so rich is it in most unexpected and most comical details. Not long ago a song of the kind which the late Mr. Planché declared to be "most musical, most melancholy," became popular for a while in the streets of New York. It was called "My Joanna lives in Harlem," and it was a most barefaced plagiarism of the old Irish air to which Moore had set the "Last Rose of Summer," and which Flotow had borrowed from Moore for *Martha*. Four or five years ago the popular song in the streets of London, as well as of New York, was a lugubrious but most effective ballad about "My Grandfather's Clock," and this was said to be derived from an old German air. We doubt the ascription only because the author and composer, Mr. Henry C. Work, was probably quite capable of originating it for himself, as he had proved in the composing of two of the most stirring and lively of the war-songs of the American Civil War—"Kingdom coming in the year of Jubilo" and "Marching through Georgia," a ringing lyric worthy of adequate orchestral treatment at the hands of a composer more learned in the art than Mr. Work. We have heard it intimated

that Mr. Marziale's "It was nothing but a shower" has a setting not unlike the beautiful old ballad—

Oh, the oak and the ash and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish best at home in the North country,

just as his "Twickenham Ferry" has a certain remote kinship with the air of "Bonnie Dundee."

It is, perhaps, in the hymn-book that the transmigration of tunes can be seen to best advantage. A clergyman who made a long study of the subject once reported that he had found "There is a land of pure delight" set to the tune which had previously served for the less orthodox "Drink to me only with thine eyes"; and that "Hark, hark, my soul, angelic notes are swelling" got along as best it could to the tune of "La Suisse au bord du lac." When these researches into ecclesiastical tune-transmigration were originally published, one critic was aptly reminded of the little boy's question before going to the oratorio; it was an interrogation whether "With Verdure Clad" was not the same as "The Wearing of the Green."

JEWS AT JOBAR.

PERHAPS there is no Oriental city whose suburbs invite an afternoon ride so temptingly as do those of Damascus. For they offer what is almost always lacking elsewhere—a pleasant shade overhead and a fair path under foot, neither deep in mud nor paved with petrified potatoes. We may turn south to Catana, west to Ain-Figi, north to Menin, or east to Dâmar, with equal beauty on our way; but, for a short canter, no leafier lanes present themselves than those which lead to Jobar.

But why should the Jews resort to Jobar when Damascus itself has many gardens within five minutes' walk of their small Jerusalem? The reason is not far to seek; Damascus gardens are *par excellence* the pleasure-grounds of its Moslems. Towards sunset the native, who has covered his face in the *livan* since noon, dons his smartest *sudreeh* and gayest *gombâz*, to join his friends in the ecstatic song and cheerful cup under the boughs of the fruit-trees. The mouthpiece of the marghileh passes from lip to lip, and its bubble keeps up a characteristic accompaniment to the thrum of the 'ood and the nasal chant of "Ya! leileh." Then evening deepens, and the coffee gives place to *raki*, or, if the carousers be good Mussulmans, to bottles of Aitken's beer, which they classify as mere fermented water, and so comfort consciences and hankerings at the same time. As the hours pass, their spirits rise from a jovial to a turbulent level, at the first indications of which any Christians or Jews who may happen to be there discreetly slip away from the neighbourhood of the superior race. It is in order to enjoy themselves without fear of snubbing that the sons and daughters of Israel have chosen for themselves separate places of rendezvous far from their overbearing compatriots; and one of the most favoured of these is the tiny village of Jobar, which is always full at the feast of Ansara, corresponding to the Greek Whitsuntide.

To visit Jobar we leave Damascus by Bab Tâma, and, instead of following the Aleppo road, turn to the right, and are quickly among the orchards. The sun cannot penetrate the thickness of shade on our path, and the trees are heavy with peaches, apricots, plums, and walnuts. Here and there a garden is full of a picking party. Half a dozen are holding an enormous sheet, while two or three among the branches are shaking down the golden fruit. Some is being carried away in baskets, to be sold at three farthings a pound, and the rest is crushed into a pulp and rolled out thin on boards, to dry in the sun into apricot paste. This industry employs an immense number of hands throughout the month of June, both in preparing the paste and in making the cases for exportation, in dexterous packing, and in portage by camel and mule to the coast. Now we are forced to stand by, that a Bedouin family may pass on camels and donkeys, since a camel recognizes no rule of the road, but always swings down the middle with a sovereign contempt of all creation. The Bedouin girls laugh at our discomfiture, but it is easy to forgive them, for the pleasure of seeing a happy woman's face. The Bedaweyehs, either young or old, have an unvarying expression of content on their brown and tattooed lips, and our idea of a *girl* could be with difficulty associated with any other Eastern females, though we can apply it at once to the mischievous and merry-looking daughters of the desert. In less than half an hour we enter the village and seek the Jews' Quarter, a small square of low houses built round an open court, one side of which is occupied by the Synagogue of St. George. It would be rash to attempt an accurate enumeration of the number of churches in Syria dedicated to the redoubtable soldier-saint, who appears at one period to have occupied the position almost of patron saint to Syria. There are at least half a dozen we believe, within a day's ride of Damascus, each claiming the honour of containing his bones. The synagogue of Jobar is nearly subterranean, but the Jews do not take the trouble to keep it lighted. An old lady is always ready to show its mysteries to visitors, and a small crowd will probably jostle and fight to follow the strangers in. An oblong slab covering a tomb, supposed to be that of Elijah, is the centre of attraction at the western end of the church, a tall and mean pulpit occupies the middle of the aisle, and the Books of the Law are kept at the eastern extremity. These are under lock and key in cupboards let into the wall, whose doors are inscribed in Hebrew with holy words, and they are further

enclosed in cardboard and velvet cases embossed with silver. These cases open like oysters, and the scrolls of the Law are revealed, written in beautiful manuscript, but not highly illuminated. A door to the right gives access to a dark staircase, and with a rushlight and a Jew we may descend barefooted to the tomb of St. George. The Israelite prostrates himself and kisses the mark on the marble floor which is the only sign of the sepulchre; and, having seen all that is to be seen, we may remount. As we emerge from the church a franc will buy a fervent blessing in the name of the God of Abraham, and a dozen invitations will be proffered to rest awhile in the dim interiors of the houses round the quadrangle, just visible through the doorways crowded with holiday-makers.

The open air seems preferable nevertheless, and so we politely decline and stroll leisurely out of the square, leaving our horses tied to the church porch. It does not take long to get out of Jobar, and we make for the gardens past the Moslem threshing-floors, where unmuzzled oxen are treading out the corn and brawny arms are tossing the barley-ears aloft to catch the winnowing wind. Between the mud walls we can catch a glimpse of white dresses and an echo of many voices, which mark the camp of a picnic party. They have chosen the spot well, with olive, poplar, and willow trees growing beside a running stream, far enough from the village for the enjoyment of liberty and freedom from observation. A few fine mares tethered and hobbled show that the Jew is rejoicing in momentary emancipation, for riding is an amusement he does not care to indulge in at Damascus. The exercise is one which Mohammedans consider too noble for any but co-religionists, and, though forced with disgust to see the proud Frank riding thoroughbreds through their holy streets, the same necessity does not bind them to respect the Jew, who will often run a good chance of being ignominiously forced to dismount if a fanatical Moslem bids him. Most of the present party have, however, ridden on hired animals, which will return at sunset or on the morrow to take them back. As we arrive, four donkeys trot up from the opposite direction with lady riders, who scorn side-saddles and tumble off with awkward haste to make a *bout de toilette* before joining their friends under the trees. For all Jews know each other, and even if by rare chance it should happen that they were not acquainted before, an occasion like this would at once bring the strangers into relation with the rest, and a stronger intimacy would be established in five minutes by a share of the pipe and a seat on the carpet than we in England could attain to in a month's intercourse. Apart from the complicated relationships which always exist by intermarriage between every Jewish family in any particular town, and besides the national freemasonry which unites the members of a race against which the world seems to have issued a decree of outlawry, the Jews of Damascus have the common tie of a common and ever-present enemy, and of identical interests and identical wrongs which they cannot tire of describing. When he is in the city the Hebrew never forgets that walls have ears, and speaks of his woes in undertones and half apologetically. Now, however, there are none but friends around, and he can launch into the bitterest expression of his feelings against this official and that one, against the impossibility of recovering his debts, against the ruin brought upon him by dishonoured Serkiz bonds, and against the perfidy of every successive Wali whose promises have run free like water and as quickly away. Nevertheless the influence of country quiet and good meat and drink will gradually lead away from these subjects, and then the instruments of music will be produced. These may be many or few, but the *ood* and the *zither* are sure to be among them. Thirty years ago the former was unknown in Syria, but a musical Damascene who heard it played in Egypt was so enchanted with its capacities that he set to work to learn the art and brought it back with him to his own country. This many-stringed banjo is now one of the favourite instruments, and is perhaps the most highly esteemed, if we except the violin. Playing the violin is a comparatively rare accomplishment, and he who has mastered the fiddle is at once placed in the first rank of musicians. Curiously Scriptural is the action of the white-haired old man who takes down the *zither* from the willow tree—the harp hung up by the waters in the land of captivity—and then the concert begins. At first it is listened to with rapt attention, till the violinist breaks into a song of his people and all join in the refrain with glad enthusiasm. It requires to be a Jew, however, to share in their evident admiration. The player on the *ood* can talk a little English perhaps—many of them speak either English or French—and undertakes to prove to demonstration the innate superiority of Oriental music to the European gamut. As a Jew of Syria is worse to argue with than an Irishman, it is better to agree at once, and afford general pleasure even at the expense of a twinge of conscience. The next day half the Jews in Damascus will be repeating how Elias convinced an Englishman that Arabian melody was far sweeter than Frankish. There is no separation here between men and women, and the latter speak as freely to the stranger as to their brothers or husbands. Some of them are very pretty, but only the young; after fifteen the natural charms of a Jewess fade quickly. She is indefatigable, however, in trying to remedy the ravages of years with the powder puff, the hare's foot, and the kohling-needle. To our ides, a more ungracious spectacle would be hard to find than a married Jewess in full costume. Over her natural hair she wears a matron's wig with a painfully wide and white parting, while an enormous fringe curls over her forehead. Her upper and under eyelids are equally loaded

with *kohl*, and her eyebrows are joined and thickened to unnatural proportions with the same pigment. None of her skin is visible through a liberal layer of enamel powder, over which rouge has been distributed as brilliantly as if she were behind the footlights instead of under a scorching Syrian sun. But there is no accounting for taste; and as the fashion appears equally to please the ladies and their male companions, far be it from us to quarrel with it. Though they seem to get on well together, the men pay little attention to the women, and least of all to the unmarried, while the jealousy of the Moslem does not appear to enter into their minds. The women, on the other hand, are extremely coquettish, and it cannot be put down to them as a virtue if the green-eyed phantom is an absentee from their homes. Nevertheless they are good mothers, and ridiculously fond of their children, whom they universally spoil with too much kindness.

The shadows of the tall poplars, purpling over the June-ripened corn, give the signal for a general move. The ashes are emptied from the *marghileh* bowls, the dishes are washed in the stream, the instruments are packed in their cases, and the rugs are rolled from the grass. Many of the holiday-makers are going to sleep with their friends at Jobar, probably fifteen or twenty in a low and stuffy room; but they are accustomed to such experiences. The patient donkeys, who have made the journey many a time that day, are waiting for their last loads, and whisk their rat-tails merrily as they receive it. It is indifferent to them whether it be a sack of corn or a fifteen-stone Jewess; the weight is equally dead. So we leave them there, and gallop into Damascus, changing our company in ten minutes from the descendants of David to the followers of Mahomet; and, instead of the Hebrew's love-song, we hear the hundred-tongued minarets proclaiming the oldest city's creed as the sunset reddens Salahiyyeh.

CROMWELL EDITED BY JOHNSON.

THERE is no complete list of Johnson's writings. He never made one himself, though often pressed to do so, and he left no materials by which his biographer could form one. While as to his chief works there was no manner of doubt, for his minor pieces Boswell was in many cases forced to fall back on internal evidence. It was by the style that he chiefly formed his judgment. How greatly style may mislead even a man whose life was almost all spent among books may be seen in Lord Macaulay's essay on Mme. d'Arblay. *Evelina*, he points out, was written before Miss Burney knew Johnson. *Cecilia* was written during her intimacy with him. He quotes passages from both novels, and then leaves it to his readers to judge whether the passage from the later of the two novels "was not at least corrected by Johnson's hand." "We say with confidence," he added, "either Sam Johnson or the Devil." He gives another quotation, and says:—"We will stake our reputation for critical sagacity on this, that no such paragraph as that which we have last quoted can be found in any of Madame d'Arblay's works except *Cecilia*." To all this there is one simple answer. It is found in the very Diary of Mme. d'Arblay's which Macaulay was reviewing. "Ay," cried Johnson, 'some people want to make out some credit to me from the little rogue's book [the little rogue was Miss Burney, and the book was *Cecilia*]. I was told by a gentleman this morning that it was a very fine book, if it was all her own. It is all her own, said I, for me, I am sure, for I never saw one word of it before it was printed.' Macaulay seems to have forgotten that the style of *Evelina* depended greatly on the form in which it was written. A story told in letters must vary with each of the imaginary writers. Had he only remembered the Dedication of that novel, he would have seen that Miss Burney had caught Johnson's style before she had seen Johnson. That she should not have been, even from her childhood, influenced by his writings would have been strange enough; for she was one of a family which, to use her own words, "had been born and bred to a veneration of Dr. Johnson." Her father, the first time he visited him in his chambers in the Temple, had, on the sly, cut off "the bristly wisp of an old hearth-broom," which he folded in silver paper and sent to one of his friends, who had asked for some token "of his admission to the habitation of this great man." Three or four years before Macaulay had thus somewhat rashly staked his critical sagacity he had formed a juster estimate of his own powers. After showing what he could do and what he had done, he added:—"Hazlitt used to say of himself, 'I am nothing if not critical.' The case with me is directly the reverse." It is indeed a very hard matter to come to a decision from internal evidence alone as to the authorship of an anonymous piece of writing. Most men, we fancy, know their own style so well that at a glance they could tell whether they had written any particular piece that was laid before them, even though it had altogether escaped their memory. But to judge of the composition of others is a very different matter. We are less likely to be mistaken, however, when we are dealing with the earlier writings of any great master of literature. Quick though imitators are, some time must pass before his school is formed and his style is caught. Boswell, therefore, is less likely to be wrong when it is on Johnson's contributions to the *Gentleman's Magazine* that he is giving judgment. Yet, though we think that generally he is right, yet in one case certainly, and perhaps in some others, he is wrong. One piece which he assigns to Johnson opens with a sentence twenty lines long, among which whatever grammar

starts at the beginning gets hopelessly lost before it reaches the end.

The most curious among these doubtful articles is the "Debate on the Proposal of Parliament to Cromwell to assume the Title of King, abridged, modified, and digested." Mr. Carlyle, as we infer from a passage in his *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches* (Vol. III. p. 229) does not hold with Boswell in this matter. He writes of "Imaginary-Editors." Yet with much diffidence we venture to say that Boswell is right. Johnson, we may remark, had at one time conceived the design of writing Cromwell's life. Had he done so, he would, we believe, have treated him with more justice than any previous writer. In his *Life of Blake*, which he wrote when he was still a young man, he showed himself free from the intolerance of the extreme party. In describing how the mighty seaman's dead body was cast out of its grave in Westminster Abbey, he says:—"Had he been guilty of the murder of Charles the First, to insult his body had been a mean revenge; but, as he was innocent, it was, at least, inhumanity, and perhaps ingratitude." In the same *Life* he had shown that he knew that in ecclesiastical matters there were two sides to the question; for he speaks of "Bishop Laud's violence and severity." In his old age, in his *Lives of the Poets*, he said:—"Cromwell wanted nothing to raise him to heroic excellence but virtue." The want, no doubt, is a great one; but it was not every old Jacobite—and a Jacobite Johnson for many years professed himself—who could discover this near approach to heroic excellence.

Mr. Croker, in one of those foolish notes which he mixes up with much of his that is useful and interesting, writes:—"It is to be regretted that Johnson did not rather reprint the original report." What, we may well ask, would the readers of George II.'s time have made of a report which is described by Mr. Carlyle as "Such a Coagulum of Jargon as was never seen before in the world." Johnson, if he was the editor, knew very well what he was about. By his abridging, modifying, and digesting he has produced a document which certainly strikes us with amazement, but which, to the eyes of the men of his time, seemed no more ridiculous than did the scarlet coat, the waistcoat laced with silver, the full wig and knee-breeches in which Garrick played Macbeth. In like manner we have Cromwell wearing, as it were, a flowing wig, and addressing a Parliament of the days of George II. He is thus made to bring one of his speeches to an end:—"For my part, could I multiply my person or dilate my power, I should dedicate myself wholly to this great end, in the prosecution of which I shall implore the blessing of God upon your endeavours." The words which in the original correspond to these are as follows:—"If I could help you to many, and multiply myself into many, that would be to serve you in regard to settlement. . . . But I shall pray to God Almighty that He would direct you to do what is according to his will. And this is that poor account I am able to give of myself in this thing." This sentence of Cromwell's offers no great difficulty. The grammar here is not imperfect, though it is on one of the halting passages in this speech that Mr. Carlyle says:—"Really one begins to find Oliver would, as it were, have needed a new grammar. Had all men been *Olivers*, what a different set of rules would Lindley Murray and the governesses now have gone upon!" We remember many years ago hearing the present Master of Balliol, in a lecture, comparing the style of Thucydides, St. Paul, and Cromwell. All three men in their fiery eagerness to give utterance to their thronging thoughts were like the king of old, *supra grammaticam*. The editor in the *Gentleman's Magazine* breaks out into loud complaints over what he calls his disgusting task. "The speeches," he says, "are so ungrammatical, intricate, and obscure, so full of broken hints, imperfect sentences, and uncouth expressions, that very few would have resolution or curiosity sufficient to labour in search of knowledge through so many obstructions." In his version all obscurities, all imperfections are cleared away. Broken hints are changed into flowing periods, and uncouthness gives way to polish. The various arguments made use of by the members of the Committee of Parliament who in turn addressed Cromwell are reduced into one discourse. Everything, in fact, is made so smooth that to the present taste it all seems somewhat dull. Yet this new version often has a vigour of its own. As an instance, we may quote the famous comparison that Cromwell, when addressing Hampden, drew between the King's troops and Lord Essex's. It is thus that, according to the old report, he spoke:—"Your troops," said I, "are most of them old decayed serving-men, and tapsters, and such kind of fellows; and," said I, "their troops are gentlemen's sons, younger sons, and persons of quality. Do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honour and courage and resolution in them?" In the *Gentleman's Magazine* this passage is thus polished and expanded:—"Our followers are for the most part the gleanings of the lowest rank of the people; serving-men discarded and mechanics without employment, men used to insults and servility from their cradles, without any principles of honour or incitement to overbalance the sense of immediate danger. Their army is crowded with men whose profession is courage, who have been by their education fortified against cowardice, and have been esteemed throughout their lives in proportion to their bravery. All their officers are men of quality and their soldiers the sons of gentlemen." As we read this we feel that the editor has treated Cromwell's words as the painter was bidden not to treat his face. He has left out the warts. Still more curious is the way in which he has dealt with that striking passage in which Cromwell

likened himself to a constable. "So far as I can," he said, "I am ready to serve not as a King, but as a Constable. For truly I have, as before God, often thought that I could not tell what my business was, nor what I was in the place I stood in, save comparing myself to a good constable set to keep the peace of the parish. And truly this hath been my content and satisfaction in the troubles I have undergone. That you yet have peace." This is thus bewigged, if we may venture on the expression:—"I have often considered, with a degree of attention suitable to the importance of the inquiry, what is the nature of my present office, and what is the purpose which I am principally to have in view, and could never attain to any further determination than that I was the Chief Constable of the Nation, and was intrusted with the care of the public peace. This trust I have endeavoured faithfully to discharge, and have been so far successful that peace has never been long interrupted."

We will bring our article to an end by quoting one or two passages about which, if we cannot go so far as to exclaim with Macaulay, "either Sam Johnson or the Devil," we will yet say, "either Sam Johnson or one of the cleverest of his school, Hawkesworth for instance." The following certainly has the Johnsonian ring:—"General effects must have general causes, and nothing can influence the whole nation to demand the restoration of monarchy but universal experience of the evils produced by rejecting it; evils too evident to be concealed, and too heavy to be borne." Scarcely less Johnsonian is this paragraph:—"The great, the binding, the inviolable law is the consent of the people; without this nothing is right, and supported by this nothing can be wrong. Antiquity adds nothing to this great sanction, nor can novelty take away its authority." We seem to trace the vigour of his style when at its best in such a sentence as "the desires of a parliament are never to be considered as sudden starts of imagination." "The ungovernable fury of wild fanatics and tumultuous factions" is also quite after his manner. It may be objected that in these passages there is nothing of what has been called Johnsonese, no big, strange words. It is a sufficient answer that in his early writings there are few traces of this style to be seen. It is in the *Rambler* that it first put forth its strength, or perhaps we should say its weakness. When Johnson is a moralist, his style becomes more artificial and his words grow bigger. When he came down, as it were, from the pulpit, his language at once became simpler and easier. His bridge he no longer made much broader than the flood.

AN ANNAMITE DECALOGUE.

MINH MANG, the grandfather of Tu Duc, was a remarkable man for an Eastern potentate. He hated the French, and, as he identified Christianity with them, persecuted the Christians most cruelly. The Jesuits had their revenge on him. As far as Europeans are concerned, they had the making of the history of Annam, and they have lavished on Minh Mang all the bad names they could draw from ancient history or personal indignation. But, apart from his animosity to the Christians, his Majesty was quite an amiable personage. His cruelties were partly due to his own strong religious convictions, and partly to a prophetic distrust of the intentions of the French. From the very moment he ascended the throne he was bound over to regard the French with suspicion. His father, the great Gia Long, the founder of the present empire, called him to his bedside as he was dying, and delivered himself of the following testament:—"Love France and the French, my son, but never grant them an inch of land in your dominions." Gia Long himself was greatly indebted to the French, for it was mainly through the exertions of Mgr. Pigneaux de Behaine, the famous Bishop of Adran, that the monarch, from being a fugitive in danger of his life, was enabled to regain the throne of Cochinchina, and finally to reduce Tong-king to the position of a province of Annam. In gratitude, therefore, he allowed the Jesuit fathers every facility, and the result was a great extension of evangelizing missions over the country, and especially in Tong-king. Unfortunately, however, Tong-king was precisely that part of the kingdom where the civil war of the beginning of the century lingered longest. The Tongkinese did not relish their subjection to the southern and less warlike State, and the last of the Tay-son rebels found ready protection from the populace and abundant coigns of vantage in the northern hills, whence they could sally out and flutter the Annamese dovescoats, and regain their friendly shelter before the King's troops had fully realized the situation.

When Minh Mang came to the throne he found from the district mandarin's returns that there were over a hundred thousand Christians in Tong-king, and that the new faith was rapidly spreading. He immediately connected this fact with the disturbed state of the province, and issued orders for the repression of Christianity. Several French fathers were tortured; others were simply put to death or lodged in prison, which implied the same thing. Great numbers of native Christians were executed, and a good many more apostatised. Immediately upon this there occurred a terrible outbreak of cholera and the plague, and, added to this, a water famine. The Jesuit fathers were not slow to declare this to be a visitation from heaven to punish the country for the impiety of the King. The accusation spread about quickly in the panic-stricken villages, and Minh Mang soon became aware that the people blamed him and his debauches and

despotism and persecutions for the pestilence which depopulated whole townships. His Majesty was never wanting in energy and resolution, and he very speedily resolved to put an end to complaints of this kind. Accordingly he made a public and general confession of his sins, to appease the gods and his subjects. The whole was drawn up in a proclamation written by himself. Minh Mang had the credit of being the most cultivated man in the country. He was well versed in the Nine Classics, and could cap quotations with the best read of the *litterati*. He left behind him a number of fugitive verses, which are as good as anything there is in Annamese literature; and to the present day many of his *jeux de mots* and *calembours* are quoted with approval. Into this confession, therefore, he threw all his powers of composition, and the result was regarded as quite a triumph of literary skill. The royal document ended as follows:—"In the face of heaven, and in good faith, we, as the chief culprit, form the resolution to change our manner of life; we exhort the mandarins to follow our example and the common people to imitate the mandarins. So shall heaven consent to reopen the canals which our sins have choked up, and so shall the divine beneficence once more flow over and fertilize the land." Not much good was expected to come of this remarkable production. The King indeed seemed to be really penitent for six weeks, and then the virtue induced by the moral altitude of the sentiments expressed in his edict evaporated, and he returned to his Bordeaux. His Majesty was very fond of Bordeaux, and was wont to say that the only thing in which the French excelled was in the preparation of that wine and the construction of ships. Beyond these two items he would, however, concede nothing, and strenuously denied the existence out of his dominions of any virtue which was worth cultivating, or of any knowledge worth having. The mandarins from the very first regarded the edict as a mere literary *tour de force*. They admired the turn of the sentences and the pretty reminiscences of Confucius and the *Lê Kê*, the Book of Rites, but the idea of looking upon the exhortations as anything beyond mere rhetorical clothes-horses, or subjects for academical discussion, never dawned upon them. The people had therefore no models set before them. They could not read the royal effusion, and when it was read aloud to them in the market-places they were only puzzled by its balanced periods. The season of national humiliation was therefore a failure. An insinuation that the public calamities were caused by the evil eye of the French priests appealed much more to the common imagination, and thenceforward great interest was taken in the executions of the Christians. The blood of sorcerers was looked upon as a panacea for all diseases. The executioners scraped their sabres dry, and sold a pinch for a silver nen, about seven shillings. The hair of the martyrs and the cages in which they were confined were eagerly bought up. The blood that soaked into the ground was gathered together, and fetched marvellous prices as a preventive against cholera and small-pox. The King had now directed public attention more than ever to the persecution of the Christians. The people were as anxious as he could be for the multiplication of martyrs, but this was hardly a result he desired, and certainly it was one he had not contemplated. There were periodical revolts against his rule, both in the northern parts of Tong-king and down in the south in the provinces which now make up French Cochinchina. Minh Mang was afraid that desperation might send the Christians into the arms of the rebels, and they would then form a body formidable enough to seriously endanger his throne. He thereupon issued an order banishing all foreigners from his dominions at once, and followed this up by another, forbidding any European to enter the country on pain of immediate death. Here, again, he was baffled for a time by the return to Annam of M. Chaigneau, a French officer who had enjoyed the complete confidence of the late King, and was highly esteemed throughout the country. M. Chaigneau, moreover, held the title of a mandarin of the first rank. He remained, however, little over a year with the new sovereign, and then went back to France.

His Majesty reverted to his old ways again for a time, but he was speedily convinced that he could not kill off all the Christians. He was a very well-read man, as we have said, and he came to the conclusion that it would be much more simple as well as infinitely more glorious if he could supplant the Western faith by a new religion devised by himself. He knew little about Christianity except that it had a Decalogue, and that the Buddhist priests themselves spoke of these Commandments as very praiseworthy and almost as good as the rules laid down by the Buddha. Minh Mang therefore, as a Prince-philosopher, determined that he would oppose cult against cult, State festivals against religious mysteries, and Decalogue against Decalogue. Accordingly he set the chief *litterati* of the country to make a digest of all the moral works known to him—chief among them being of course the works of Confucius. The affairs of the country were left to manage themselves while the principal officers of State noted down the finest and most elevating passages in these classics. Those which were supposed to have any analogy to Christian doctrines were especially marked. Then all these disjointed bits of wisdom and morality were tagged together and snipped at the edges as much as possible so as to take away any tendency to jerkiness. This hotch-potch of philosophy was then further condensed, and finally divided into ten separate heads. His Majesty set to work to compose a pompous preface. Desirous, he said, to follow in the steps of his illustrious ancestors, the King in his paternal solicitude had drawn up Ten Religious Precepts. They were based on the wisdom of the divine philosophers; they were seasoned by the practical expe-

rience of many ages. The exact observance of these Ten Commandments could not fail to obtain from heaven tranquillity and happiness for the inhabitants of the kingdom, and abundant harvests would reward the pious land. His Majesty himself had new-modelled his life on these rules, and he expected his lieges to follow that august example.

Each division of the Decalogue begins with a concise statement of the virtue to be practised. A commentary then follows giving the authorities for the rule, and setting out at length the advantages that are to result from its observance. The Ten Commandments are as follows:—1. Observe carefully all social relations. That is to say, honour the King and take him as the supreme model; bow down before all magistrates and men of learning, and let each man rear his family to be good citizens. 2. Cultivate purity of intention beyond all things. 3. Let each man carry out with diligence the duties of his estate and condition in life. These two rules are explained to mean the strict observance of the established laws of the country, whether the *Luat*, the fundamental and "natural" law, common to all peoples of Chinese race and civilization; or the *Lê*, the "civil" law, the enactments special to the kingdom of Annam. 4. Be sober in eating and drinking. The commentary explains that excess leads to gambling, gambling leads to poverty, poverty to theft, murder, and brigandage. 5. Observe the Rights and Usages. This refers directly to the study of the *Lê Kê*, the Book of Rites, to carry out the provisions of which there is a permanent Board established in Peking. 6. Let fathers and mothers rear up their children with care, and let elder brothers render the same duty to their younger brothers. The commentary points out that home education is the soundest foundation of the national welfare. This one rule is sufficient to raise Minh Mang to the dignity of a modern social reformer, and proves that he was not the mere erratic despot his critics would have us believe. The Annamese course of education may, no doubt, be most wooden and useless. The best scholar is the man who is most brimful of texts, who can read and trace the greatest number of characters. Beyond this he knows nothing, and does not want to know anything. But the King was not formulating an education code. He was inventing a State religion. 7. Avoid evil doctrines, and study only the good. The commentary is an invective against the Jesuits and all their teaching. 8. Observe chastity and modesty. The priestly opponents of Minh Mang are very scathing in their remarks on this ordinance. It is an anomaly, they say, in a country where the law itself despises chastity, and none but the poor people know how to set about the practice of it. Nevertheless the royal commentary promises rewards to all those who shall distinguish themselves in the practice of virtue; whereon a Monsignor is constrained to remark that Minh Mang should have appointed an academy of literary men to distribute these rewards after the fashion of the *prix Monthyon* in France. His Majesty seems, however, to have had a shrewd suspicion that the recipients would probably do as little credit to the judgment of the electors as is ordinarily the case in the Republic. 9. Obey implicitly the laws of the kingdom. This would seem to mean more particularly, Do not fail to pay the taxes punctually—a very practical kind of religion from the governmental point of view. 10. Practise good works. This is the essence of Buddhism, having for its reward a favourable trans-incorporation in another existence.

There is no mention whatever in this rationalistic Decalogue, or in the commentary attached, of deceit, thieving, or homicide. Neither is there any reference to a Supreme Being, which however was to be expected in a country where Buddhism is the ostensible religion. Whether the observance of these rules was assumed to preclude any of the more obvious forms of wrong-doing, or whether too much philosophy made the drafters forgetful of the commoner human frailties, or whether the omission was designedly made, does not appear. At any rate it is significant, and furnished a convenient text for denunciatory sermons. Having drawn up his Commandments, Minh Mang resolved that they should be inaugurated by a solemn religious function. He had the manuscript enclosed in a sort of casket like a reliquary, and ordained that on a certain day it should be carried out of the palace, and that all the officials and the people should come in solemn procession to meet it. This was to bring its provisions into force. The edict prescribed the number of prostrations and genuflections to be performed, and was composed very much in the style of the document respecting the image in the plain of Dura, which Nebuchadnezzar the King had set up. It was also provided that there should be quarterly assemblies of the people to hear the new Decalogue. The district magistrates were to preside, and were to deliver lectures and give interpretations wherever they might seem necessary. The mandarins faithfully carried out the ceremonies as ordered. That, however, was all the success the new religion obtained. The Christians were alarmed; the unconverted laughed, and stuck to their old Buddhist and Taoistic observances; nobody obeyed the new Commandments. There was, indeed, nothing particular to obey. The regulations laid down contained nothing that differed radically from the faith the people had been accustomed to. It was therefore impossible to lay hands on disloyal heretics, unless it were the Christians, and the persecution of them was nothing new. His Majesty, however, was perfectly pleased. He had no fanatical belief in any one of the established religions, and the cult he had invented was so vague in its injunctions that hardly any one could do great violence to his tenets in declaring that he followed them. There was therefore nothing in the way of direct opposition to be seen. That was enough for him. He had revived religion upon

earth, and looked on the title, Tang-kin Fo Yeh, the Buddha of the present day, as particularly his due. He had written the preface to the Decalogue, and was placed by admiring mandarins on a level with Confucius in regard to literary ability. The plague had worked itself out and did not return to the country—a fact naturally ascribed to the new Decalogue. Minh Mang issued his edict in 1835. For six years he built many canals and improved the roads of the country from Saigon to Hué and from Hué to Hanoi. He also devoted much time to organizing the studies for the Government examinations. In 1841 he died of a fall from his horse. Since then his Decalogue has remained quietly in monastic muniment boxes, or among the properties of the various local magistracies. It is no longer read aloud to the people, but it is just as well, or as ill, observed as ever it was.

THE INFLUENCE UPON RUSSIA OF AMERICAN COMPETITION.

PUBLIC attention in Russia is at present being strongly attracted to the increasing inability of the farmers of the Empire to compete with those of America in the grain markets of Western Europe. After the repeal of the Corn Laws in this country Russia obtained almost complete control of the markets, as she was nearer to them, and had a much larger surplus of wheat to dispose of. But for several years past American competition has been depriving her of her commanding position, and for the last six or seven years has distanced her. Even so late as 1870 the exports of wheat from Russia were about one-third more than those from the United States; but in 1880 the exports from Russia little exceeded half those from the United States. In the interval the exports of wheat from Russia barely doubled, while those from the United States were multiplied nearly five times. Of course the exports from both countries vary more or less from year to year according to the character of the seasons; but the broad fact is that since the New York panic of 1873 the area sown with wheat in the United States has enormously increased, and the United States have become the greatest exporters of wheat in the world; whereas in the meantime the area under cultivation of wheat in Russia has not very largely increased, and the farmers have found it more and more difficult to dispose of the surplus grain which they grow. If American competition only were making itself thus strongly felt, the matter would not be so serious. It would prove, indeed, that the economic development of the United States is much more rapid than that of Russia, but it would leave the hope that by and by the population would so increase in the United States that the surplus food would be consumed at home, and that Russia would then possibly be able to recover her old ascendancy in the European grain markets. But, as a matter of fact, Indian competition is also increasing rapidly. A very few years ago it would have been thought chimerical to propose the export of wheat from India to Western Europe; now the quantity of Indian wheat consumed in Europe is very large, and the trade is growing every year. It would seem, therefore, that Russia is really retrograding. So far as the cultivation of wheat is concerned, she is unable to compete with any of the advancing countries. And this is the more remarkable because Russia is to a certain extent a new country herself; that is to say, her population is growing rapidly, and the unoccupied lands at the disposal of the people are so extensive that the area of cultivation can be increased in almost any proportion desired, provided there are capital and labour to work with. Moreover, the demand for wheat in Western Europe has greatly increased of late years. A succession of bad harvests of almost unexampled length has rendered necessary enormous imports from other countries. Even France, which usually raised enough wheat for its own consumption, for several years past has been compelled to import largely. Thus, while the demand for wheat has been growing, and while the means both in labour and in land have likewise been increasing, the share of Russia in the grain trade of the world has been falling off.

The consequences to Russia are very serious. The landowners and cultivators find themselves unable to sell all the produce which their lands can raise; the farmers, therefore, are impoverished; they are unable to employ as much labour as they otherwise would, and, of course, they have less means to spend with the towns. All classes of the community are therefore less rich than they would be if the trade went on growing. It is as if the land were stricken with sterility, since a portion of the produce is practically unsaleable. Russia is a purely agricultural country, the towns being comparatively insignificant, and there being no great industries as with ourselves. Consequently there is at home no population employed otherwise than on the land to consume the surplus produce for which there is not a market abroad. Likewise the Russians have not the ingenuity of the Americans in using this unsaleable surplus produce otherwise. In the United States, for example, the wheat and Indian corn which cannot be sold abroad are used in feeding pigs and cattle, and therefore in producing meat for which there is always a remunerative market in Europe. But the Russians are unable to compete in this branch of industry with the Americans even more markedly than in the wheat trade. In another way still Russia suffers seriously from this falling off of her grain trade. Every ship that enters a Russian port spends a considerable sum of money both in giving labour and in the personal outlay of the crew. As the trade falls off, however,

the number of ships that enter Russian ports decreases, and consequently the expenditure of the mercantile marine is diminished. Thus the towns are directly impoverished and are unable to buy as largely from the country as they otherwise would. In fact, town and country act and react upon one another in innumerable ways. Again, Russia owes immense sums of money abroad, and she finds it more difficult to pay the interest upon this debt when her foreign trade is diminishing. If, for example, she sold more and more wheat every year, there would be more and more money due to her by other countries; and this would to a certain extent be a set-off against the large debts due by her to those other countries. As matters stand, the debts due to her for wheat are diminishing, while her own debts are increasing. The matter then is of the greatest moment for the economic development of the country, and naturally is attracting the attention of the Government as well as of farmers and political economists. It seems probable at present that as the United States grow in wealth and population, and as the means of communication between Europe and India are improved, Russia will lose more and more of the grain trade, her people consequently will become impoverished, the farmers will be less able to raise large crops, and the seaports will diminish in prosperity.

The first cause of this revolution in the wheat trade is, of course, the character of the American people. Trained for generations in the management of their own affairs, and in industrial occupation, they have greater energy, greater enterprise, greater ingenuity than the Russians; they are better able to organize business, they are more skilled in economizing labour, and they have greater capital at their command. The vast emigration from Europe to America of the last forty years has enabled them to build railways at an unprecedentedly rapid rate; the country is thus opened up in all directions, and the very newest territories have been brought within reach of the markets of Western Europe. At the same time their mechanical skill has enabled them to make up for the scarcity of labour by inventing all sorts of labour-saving machinery. And, lastly, the rapid construction of railways has induced competition between the different Companies, and has thus brought down the cost of carrying goods from place to place. While the exports of wheat, as we have seen, have been multiplied nearly five times in eleven years, the cost of carrying this enormously increased quantity has been steadily diminishing. In Russia, on the other hand, the people are ignorant, civilization is backward, and almost all enterprise depends upon Government. Much undoubtedly has been done in building railways; but those railways have been built either by the State itself or under State supervision, and there has been as much regard paid to their strategic as to their commercial uses. Rapid, then, as has been the construction of railways in Russia, it has not at all kept pace with the construction in America. The cost of carriage has not been similarly reduced, and the utility of the railways themselves is by no means as great. Furthermore, the American seaboard is of enormous extent, and the ports are second to none in the world. The Russian seaboard, on the contrary, is very small for so vast an Empire. The Baltic Sea is for months together frozen over and inaccessible, while the Black Sea is remote, and at all times is at the command of any great naval Power with which Russia may be at war. The disadvantages of ocean carriage are so great, in fact, that railways have to a large extent supplanted ships, and for a while a large portion of the wheat exported from Russia went over the German railways; but the new policy adopted by Prince Bismarck has greatly interfered with the Russian export trade, and hence has increased the difficulties of Russia. The vast cost of government in Russia, the enormous army kept up, the corruption of officials, that aggressive foreign policy steadily pursued, the little wars of all kinds constantly going on, and the enormously oppressive taxation, are likewise serious hindrances to the economical development of the Empire. The communal system likewise is injurious, since it represses individual enterprise. And the numerous holidays observed by the Greek Church further diminish the industry of the country. There can be little doubt, too, that the emancipation of the serfs, though ultimately a measure of the greatest benefit, immediately has acted adversely upon the grain trade. Formerly the landowners were able to dispose of the labour of their serfs. They were consequently in a position to till their lands carefully, and as they had plenty of labour and vast domains, they enjoyed good credit, and when the markets were unfavourable, could refuse to sell and wait for a better price. With emancipation, however, the landowners lost the unlimited supply of labour of which they previously disposed, and at the same time the terms on which the land was granted to the emancipated serfs, though burdensome to the serfs, were not very advantageous to the landowners. The landowners, in short, like the old landlords of Ireland, were steeped in debt, and when they lost the command of unlimited labour and prestige which their former position gave them, they were involved in embarrassments of all kinds. Now they are unable to till their lands as carefully as formerly, and they are obliged to sell as soon as the crop is harvested, often, indeed, while the corn is actually growing. After all, this is only repeating what we have already said—that the Russian people are inferior in industrial capacity to the American. The Civil War in the South inflicted far greater injury on the slave-owners, and yet the Southern States have not lost the command of the cotton markets of the world. Much smaller loss in Russia has transferred the control of the grain markets from Russia to the United States. Again, the peasants, when they

acquired control of their own affairs, had neither the capital, nor the education, nor the self-control of American farmers to till their lands in the best manner, to watch the markets carefully, and to sell advantageously. In consequence, the quality of Russian wheat has been constantly deteriorating. Russians themselves contend that Russian wheat is better than either American or Indian, and yet the cultivation is so slovenly, and the wheat is sent to market in such a dirty condition, that the wheat-buyers of Western Europe prefer the inferior grain of the United States and India to the naturally better grain of Russia. The Russian Government of late is trying to remedy this state of things by encouraging American Companies to build what are called elevators—that is, great magazines where corn can be stored for export easily and cheaply, and in close proximity both to the railway and the steamship. This, no doubt, will be an advantage; but until the Russian farmer has greater skill, more knowledge, and more capital, and until likewise the taxation is lower, railway construction is greatly extended, and good seaports are at the command of the country, it is very unlikely that Russia will be able to compete successfully with the United States and India. It is probable, therefore, that a steady deterioration in the economic condition of the Empire will go on.

REVIEWS.

MILITARY LAW.*

ALTHOUGH the present age has not proved itself equal to the enactment of more than a few codes, it is an age of digests, and military law is a subject of sufficient importance to deserve a digest of its own. The one before us forms the fifth volume of Colonel C. B. Brackenbury's series of "Military Handbooks for the Use of Officers and Non-commissioned Officers," and Colonel Brackenbury is to be congratulated upon having secured the services of Major Sisson Pratt in its production. A wide or complete acquaintance with the criminal law of the country is hardly to be expected from a young officer whose commission is the fruit of years spent in more or less laboriously passing examinations in other subjects; yet it is likely to be part of his ordinary duties to discharge from time to time the functions of judge, jury, counsel, and prosecuting solicitor in cases always involving the professional welfare, and sometimes the professional existence, or even the life, of his colleagues and subordinates. To afford him an intelligible summary of the substance, and an easy guide to the sources, of his duties in this respect is the object of the present work—an object achieved, in our opinion, with no small degree of success.

Military law is almost exclusively criminal in its character. In respect of civil (as opposed to criminal) obligations, the position of soldiers does not practically differ from that of the public at large. But with regard to criminal offences, many acts which, when committed by a civilian, are of trifling importance, assume a very serious aspect in the case of soldiers; while others from their nature cannot be committed by civilians at all, and it is necessary that a special procedure should exist suitable to the exigencies of military life. Accordingly, Major Pratt's book consists almost entirely of an account of courts-martial, the procedure which they adopt, and the substantive law which they administer. Two short chapters treat of the history of the distinctively military law and of the positive enactments into which it has been reduced. These are principally the Army Act, 1882; the Rules of Procedure, 1881; the Queen's Regulations, 1883; and certain General Orders and Army Circulars. Major Pratt traces the descent of courts-martial from the *Curia Militaris*, or Court of the High Constable, which was originally a branch of the Aula Regia; but for practical purposes the military student has no occasion to "go behind" their present statutory foundation. A fugitive interest attaches at this moment to the following limitation upon the application of the "Indian Articles of War" to "all persons belonging to the Indian army":—

(x) European officers and persons of British birth are only subject to the Army Act.

(2) An offender, if not a native of India, must be tried by a court consisting of European officers only.

We may safely assume that a proposal to repeal this proviso would not be popular in the army.

In the following chapters the course of military criminal justice is traced from the commission of the offence to the final confirmation of the sentence, and the latter part of the book treats of the different offences dealt with and the manner of their punishment. Describing the arrest of offenders, Major Pratt states that it has never been clearly decided "whether a civil action would lie against a superior who maliciously and without proper cause orders the arrest of a subordinate." We are disposed to think that such an arrest would be actionable if the plaintiff could show that it was ordered in bad faith and without any actual belief in its propriety. When an offender is arrested, the officer who orders the arrest delivers to the officer in charge of the guard to whose custody he commits the offender a document called the "crime," which is a brief written statement of the offence; and the officer in charge of the guard immediately forwards the

"crime," together with a report of the arrest, to the officer in command. Upon the receipt of these the commanding officer must immediately "investigate" the offence, either himself, or through a "court of inquiry," which is a sort of committee, consisting of two or three officers, empowered to take evidence upon oath, and to state what ought, in their opinion, to be done, but not to punish the prisoner themselves. If the offence is not of a serious nature the commanding officer can deal with it summarily, and in this capacity he can inflict punishments up to twenty-one days' imprisonment, or a fine according to a fixed scale, but in case of a fine the prisoner can appeal against it to a court-martial. If the case seems to be more serious than the commanding officer can adequately punish, he can order a regimental court-martial to assemble, or if the jurisdiction of that body is insufficient he can apply to a superior officer for a "district" or a "general" court-martial. There is thus a rough analogy to the hierarchy of civil criminal courts (if such an expression is permissible). The commanding officer answers to the magistrates in petty sessions, who can deal summarily with the case if it is unimportant; the regimental court-martial corresponds to quarter sessions, which is the intermediate tribunal; the district or general court-martial is the equivalent of the assizes, where the jurisdiction is unlimited. The three kinds of court-martial differ in the number of officers of which they must be composed, and in the length of service necessary to qualify their members. In the United Kingdom, India, Malta, and Gibraltar, the *minimum* number of members of a general court-martial is nine, of a district court-martial five, and of a regimental court-martial three; in other parts of the world the *minima* are slightly lower. The officers composing the three kinds of court must be of not less than three, two, and one year's standing respectively. The members of general and district courts should be drawn from different corps, and the members of a regimental court need not, as the name would seem to imply, all belong to the same regiment. There are also two other sorts of court-martial, called respectively "field general" and "summary." They are assembled only upon active service, when an ordinary court cannot be got together. Their procedure is a good deal less strict and more expeditious than that of the ordinary courts; and as they are, by their nature, no more than rough instruments for doing the best that is possible under adverse circumstances, it would be unreasonable to look for a very elaborate account of them in a treatise of this nature. A brief description of them will be found in Major Pratt's penultimate chapter. The limits of jurisdiction of the different courts-martial appear from a schedule in the article entitled "Scale of Punishments"; and here it must be admitted that Major Pratt's method of arrangement, usually admirable, is not to be commended, for the information here given is essential to the understanding of the provinces of the three courts, and should have been placed in ch. vi., "Jurisdiction of Courts-Martial." Officers can be tried only by general courts-martial, which can inflict any military punishment upon them. Soldiers can be sentenced to death or penal servitude only by a general court; to imprisonment for more than forty-two days, or to be discharged with ignominy, by a district court; and only to less punishments (though a volunteer subject to military law or a schoolmaster can be dismissed) by a regimental court. *A propos* of the punishment of officers, we have for many years been ashamed to ask, but unable to discover, the precise meaning of the word "cashier." It is, therefore, at once refreshing and instructive to read:—

The distinction between cashiering and dismissal of an officer has never been clearly defined. It is generally held that cashiering is a bar to an officer serving under the Crown again in any capacity, while dismissal does not carry with it any further penalty.

The holding of a court-martial is a somewhat more complicated affair than civilians are wont to imagine. The officer who directs it to be held is called the convening officer, and it is under his directions that the indictment, or charge-sheet, is prepared, the offence charged being whatever, in his opinion, the evidence, as foreshadowed by the "crime," is likely to establish. In the case of a regimental court, the convening officer is the officer in command, who, so to speak, commits the offender for trial. The district and general courts can be summoned only by the direction of some higher authority. The convening officer does not, except in cases of necessity, himself sit as a member of the court. The senior member of the court is called the president, and he performs all those judicial functions, such as keeping order and the like, which cannot be performed by more than one person, but all the members of the court are, in their own persons, both judge and jury. An officer, usually the adjutant of the prisoner's regiment, is appointed to act as prosecutor, and though he may, if necessary, be sworn as a witness and give evidence, his duty is in many respects the same as that of counsel for the Crown in an ordinary criminal trial. In general courts-martial the prosecutor is allowed to be represented by counsel. In general courts there must be, and in district courts there may be, a "judge-advocate," who is ordinarily an officer, but sometimes a barrister appointed for the purpose, whose duty it is to act as legal assessor and advise the court, the prosecutor, or the prisoner upon any point of law on which they may require instruction. He has also the right of summing-up at the end of the case if he thinks proper, and is bound to keep a written record of the proceedings. He is not, however, a member of the court, and, though he exercises many of the functions of a judge, does not participate in those of the jury. The procedure of the court-martial, which, like that of a civil court, varies slightly according to whether the prisoner does or does not call witnesses, and

* *Military Law: its Procedure and Practice.* By Major Sisson C. Pratt, R.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

is or is not represented by counsel or by a non-professional "friend," is described with considerable elaboration by Major Pratt. The precision of the rules which have to be followed seems to be, theoretically at any rate, as great as that which is observed in the ordinary courts; but a court-martial has a wide power of amending technical errors in order to get justice practically done. In one or two particulars the prisoner before a court-martial is in a better position than he would be in before a civil court. For instance, he has a right to an abstract of the evidence proposed to be given against him, and if any witness is to be called of whose evidence he has not had such notice, he is entitled to an adjournment, in order that notice may be given. Also, he is asked beforehand for a list of the witnesses he wishes to call, and the convening officer or president is bound, if possible, to secure their presence—a much more liberal measure of assistance than it has been found practicable to afford to the criminal civilian. A peculiarity of courts-martial is the existence of three verdicts, "guilty," "not guilty," and "not guilty, and honourably acquit him of the same"; but this last verdict ought only to be found when it appears, upon a charge involving disgraceful conduct, that no part of the impugned transaction was in any way discreditable to the character of the accused. An acquittal puts an end to the whole proceeding; but a conviction and sentence have to be confirmed before the latter can be carried out. The confirming officer is some one, as a rule, of superior rank to the officers who form the court. General courts-martial are confirmed by the Queen—that is, by the Judge-Advocate General, or by some officer holding a special warrant for the purpose. If the confirming officer does not approve of the finding or the sentence, he sends them back to the court for revision. The author thinks it necessary to defend the institution of the confirming officer on the surprising ground that he "is unbiassed by the demeanour of witnesses, and is able to form an impartial opinion on the written evidence that comes before him!"

From the description of military procedure Major Pratt passes to an account of the different crimes which soldiers can commit, and the punishments appropriate to them. These, in the first instance, are arranged in tabular form, and while some laymen may think that death is a severe punishment for irregularly appropriating supplies contrary to orders while on active service, no one will think that imprisonment is too heavy a doom for the perjurer, or that fighting a duel is regarded in too serious a light in being made punishable with cashiering in case of an officer, or imprisonment in case of a soldier. We observe that, according to Major Pratt, a soldier does not commit the military offence of "disobeying a lawful command" if the command is "contrary to civil law." Simmons's *Court-Martial*, from which he quotes the succeeding paragraph, does not put it so strongly:—

So long as the orders of a superior are not obviously and decidedly in opposition to the well-known and established customs of the army and laws of the land, or, if in opposition to such laws, do not tend to an irreparable result, so long must the orders of a superior meet with prompt, immediate, and unhesitating obedience.

We imagine that if a soldier refused to fire upon a riotous mob, when ordered to do so, on the ground that in his opinion they could be otherwise dispersed, he would be unlikely to escape conviction at the hands of a court-martial, even though a jury of his fellow-citizens might share his opinion sufficiently to convict his obedient comrades of murder.

Two short but interesting chapters treat of Witnesses and Evidence. The rules of the competency of witnesses, examination and cross-examination, questions to credit and privileged communications, are in the main identical with those in force in the ordinary courts. The rule that a wife cannot give evidence against her husband is qualified by an exception of which it would be interesting to know the history. She can do so when he is charged with unlawfully purchasing regimental necessaries. Another rule, natural enough, but surprising at first sight, is that members of the court can be called as witnesses for the defence, though not for the prosecution. An analogous case happened some years ago before one of the present judges of the High Court. A jurymen suddenly rose, and said that he had been passing by at the time of the alleged crime, and had seen part of what occurred. The judge ordered him to be sworn as a witness, and having given his evidence, he resumed his judicial functions. A court-martial has the power, given to the judges by the New Rules, of disallowing questions to credit, "if they think that the imputation, if true, would not seriously affect the opinion of the court." There is a picturesque simplicity in the statement that "it is competent for a court to confront conflicting witnesses and allow them to repeat their evidence in each other's presence." If this is done often, it must give rise to some scenes of lively recrimination. We regret the less that Major Pratt has fallen into the error of dividing evidence into "direct" and "indirect or circumstantial" evidence, the former being defined as the statement of a witness who testifies as to his personal observation of the fact in question, and the latter as testimony as to certain facts from which the facts in question may be inferred, because it gives us an opportunity of once more protesting against it. The distinction is fallacious because the facts in question are the acts and intention which constitute the prisoner's guilt, and all facts stated, the witnesses' personal observation among the rest, are facts from which the facts in question may be inferred. It is pernicious because it tends to establish an arbitrary and erroneous difference in value between evidence of the two kinds. A smaller error is the statement that

"private writings are the written statements of persons not on oath nor liable to cross-examination. Hence they cannot be received as proof of the facts stated in them." This would exclude written admissions of guilt by the prisoner, which must always be relevant.

In conclusion, we have to thank Major Pratt for all the minor excellences without which digests are unprofitable reading. These are short and clearly-expressed paragraphs, judiciously worded headings printed so as to catch the eye, frequent marginal references, among which we would specially commend the cross-references to other paragraphs of the book, and a copious and well-arranged index and table of contents. The result is a book which laymen may read with interest, and which no officer should be without.

NORFOLK BROADS AND RIVERS.*

ALTHOUGH Mr. Davies's statement in his preface that "It is rather amusing to note the number of persons who, having visited the scenes [of his book], hasten to write to the *Field* or some other newspaper an account of their visit" is not, perhaps, very happily worded, it is not difficult to know what he means. Twenty—even ten—years ago the Broad district was, except by East Anglians and those who had friends in East Anglia, one of the least visited districts of England. Now it has been "discovered," and is even undergoing the two attendant plagues of such discovery, overcrowding and the sneers of the smart tourist, who thinks it fine to depreciate what others admire. There is little doubt which is the worse evil of the two. Anything like mobbing of a region whose greatest charm is the scantiness of its habitation and the wildness of its character is destructive to its charm; while if anybody succeeds in really persuading his fellows that the pike and bream and eels, the reeds and willows and flowering flags, of the Broads are a delusion, so much the better for those who have the sense not to be deluded.

That the district is well worth visiting, that it has a peculiar and very strongly marked charm of its own, no one with an eye for scenery who actually knows it is at all likely to deny. This charm is being slowly—fortunately very slowly—impaired, partly by natural causes and partly by artificial ones, but it still subsists. One main source of it is beyond all doubt the fact that the country has in a curiously mixed fashion the attractions of fen land and of undulating ground. The Broads owe their existence and their most peculiar features to the fact of the country through which the rivers which feed them, the Yare, the Ant, the Bure, the Thurne flow, being as flat as a billiard-table. Yet it never happens that "the waste enormous marsh" stretches actually from sky to sky. One of the prettiest chains of these curious lakes, the series which stretches from Ranworth to Wroxham, has on its southern edge something like a steep slope, and the traveller who, after threading the marshes from St. Benedict's Ferry to Ranworth through a maze of canals and fen, makes from Ranworth towards Woodbastwick, finds ups and downs of road and of view which would not disgrace Devonshire. It often happens that, owing to the dead flat and the great height of the reeds which border most of the Broads, the pedestrian may balance himself on the top of a five-barred gate within a pistol-shot of one of them without discovering its whereabouts. Yet within a short distance there is pretty sure to be a height whence he looks down on it (if the trees will let him) easily enough. This blending of plain and upland, of marsh and wooded tracts, has a singularly attractive effect. Add the various other features, the mysterious entrances to the Broads, where the boat, after seeming to make an insane dive into a hopeless *cul de sac* of a ditch, suddenly emerges on a wide expanse of water; the equally mysterious fashion in which the black sails of the wherries (a Norfolk wherry is by no means a skiff, but a substantial barge sometimes of fifty or sixty tons burden) flit across, as it appears, ploughed fields with neither boat nor river apparent to justify their existence; the profusion of flowers, the yellow iris especially, which carpet ground and water alike; the abundance of unobtrusive animal life, and the welcome absence of obtrusive human kind—all these things make the Broad district delightful. It is delightful even to the pedestrian, for, though not a few of the Broads and large patches of the country connecting them are inaccessible to anything not amphibious, this rule is by no means universal. But, of course, to be seen thoroughly, the Broads must be seen by boat, with frequent descents upon the shore. Every year more people see them in this way, either from steam-launches, which, objectionable in most places, are nowhere more objectionable and more destructive than on the usually shallow widths of the Broads and the invariably narrow windings of the approaches to them, or in some kind or another of sailing craft combining handiness and carrying capacity with light draught. Our present author holds to the centre-board, though he records a characteristic expression of disgust from a local mariner as to "boats with slits in the bottom."

The book is avowedly made up in great part of separate sketches originally contributed to periodicals, and makes no pretensions to unity or method of treatment. The fiend who tempts every critical reader to wish that a book had been somehow different, might suggest that a closer approximation to the guide-book form

* *Norfolk Broads and Rivers; or, the Water-Ways, Lagoons, and Decays of East Anglia.* By G. Christopher Davies, Author of "The 'Swan' and her Crew." With Illustrations. London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1883.

(not of course such an approximation as to make it merely a guide-book, but such as to make a watery counterpart for Mr. Walter White's pleasant records of land wanderings) had been attempted. But this is probably unreasonable. As it is the author, in his own unmethodical way, gives a complete enough account of the Broads and of things Broadish; the manner of sailing on them and experiences therein; the fish, the fishing, and the fishermen; the dialect and habits of the people. The glimpses of picnic explorations in which the author and his wife formed the whole crew and complement of their four-ton Una boat, are perhaps less attractive than the actual sketches of the country and its sport. With respect to the latter, Mr. Davies is a good deal more cheerful than most writers of his kind, perhaps because both fishing and shooting appear to have been less his object (though he pursued both vigorously) than sailing. He seems confident that the special legislation of a few years back has succeeded in putting a stop to the wholesale netting which not so very long ago seriously threatened to make the pride of the Broads (their catches of bream by the stone, and of jack and pike on the principle that no fisherman who respects himself keeps anything under 4 lbs. in weight) a thing of the past. The haughty fly-fisher will, of course, scorn the catching of pike and perch, of eels and bream, may, of rudd and tench, and scorn may even be changed into indignation when Mr. Davies confesses to having at least once "liggered"—that is to say, in local speech, condescended to the use of the trimmer. But perhaps the grounds on which the fly-fisher is wont to assume that no fresh-water fish, except salmon, trout, and grayling, is worth flourishing a rod for are not quite sufficient.

Of the other staple sport of the region—wild-fowling—Mr. Davies speaks less hopefully. Though drainage has interfered but little with the Broads themselves, it has seriously curtailed the fringe of plashy ground which endeared them to their annual feathered visitors; and the increase of railways, tourists, and other nuisances is also unfavourable to the multiplication of these. But the chief cause of falling off is, according to Mr. Davies, what may seem to a hasty reader a very paradoxical cause, the disuse of decoys. It seems, however, to be a *vera causa* enough. The decoy necessitates the preservation of extreme quiet and the banishment of each vagrant foot and each licentious eye from its neighbourhood. It is, moreover, of the essence of its arrangements that the slaughter of the deluded victims is effected quietly out of sight of their comrades and without leaving any trace, whereas the fusillades of the wildfowl shooter's artillery scatter dead and wounded birds all over the place. It has been more than once suggested that drainage has been overdone in England; and it is probably worth serious consideration whether naturally marshy ground, by means of decoys and stewponds, is not capable of yielding a better rental to the landlord, and a better supply of food to the public, if left in its natural condition or allowed to return to it, than if it be given up at great expense to the all-devouring and sometimes very little returning plough.

Besides the purely personal and descriptive chapters which, though in a desultory sort of fashion, deal with almost every Broad, from Antingham Ponds, in the extreme north, to "Bungay on the Waveney" (dear to all lovers of Thackeray), far to the south of the Broad district proper, the volume contains numerous papers of a miscellaneous kind. Herrings, swans, otters have each their chapter, and from the swan chapter may be quoted a description of one of the most curious and unique places in England—the Norwich swan-pit:—

The cygnets taken up on the Yare are removed to a very curious place, which is well worth a visit. This is the swan-pit, at the back of the Old Man's Hospital, St. Helen's, Norwich. This pit is an oblong pool or tank, about 40 yards long by 15 broad, with perpendicular sides. The water is connected with the river, and rises and falls with the tide. In this pool you will see, in the autumn, some seventy cygnets, and a most interesting sight it is. Here they are fattened for the table, or reared for transmission to their future homes. Around three sides of the pool are floating troughs, into which barley is poured down a long pipe with a funnel top. In addition to the barley, they are supplied with cut grass, of which they are very fond; and if you throw a handful in the water at one end, they will race eagerly towards it. They crowd up to the troughs at feeding-time, and their long necks twist in and out, and get entangled into such queer knots that you fear they will choke themselves.

This description is very well illustrated, as indeed the book is throughout, by photogravures from negatives taken by the author and his friends. We have a theory which we do not consider to be merely a prejudice, to the effect that photography, unless its characteristic results are concealed with the skill shown in the Amand-Durand and perhaps one or two other processes, is ill suited for book illustration. There is something anomalous and antagonistic in the texture and tints of it, as compared with the texture and tints of letterpress. But these particular plates are good of their kind, especially the interesting ones which represent decoy pipes in operation. The volume concludes with a description of a run down the coast in bad weather from Yarmouth to Harwich and back, which was the occasion of the criticism of centreboards mentioned in the beginning of this article. The critic, indeed, appears to have been fond of the boat, and surprised Mr. Davies by addressing her affectionately as "Little Toad." There is, however, good old English precedent for the affectionate use of the word, like "wretch," "rogue," and so forth. A severer censor than this East Anglian pilot might ask what Mr. Davies meant by playing tricks of this sort; for he seems to have had nothing to do at Harwich except to come back again after some very uncomfortable cruising, and admits

that the style of rig suitable for the Broads is not exactly calculated for the open sea when the stormy winds do blow. However, no man would be a good sailor without a touch of foolhardiness. The whole book is pleasant, most pleasant perhaps to those who know the quaint country it deals with; but pleasant also, we should imagine, to others. It is not every district which like this is almost equally full of enjoyment when it literally offers its lilies and languors to the summer tourist, and when it gives its skating, its wild-fowling, and its big pike to the hardier visitor in winter. Nor are there many where diversion is less costly, for the yachtsman can wander about with a minimum of toll to locks, &c., and the fisherman will rarely be troubled, though not so rarely as was once the case, by fear of gamekeepers or necessity of tickets.

THE SACRED BOOKS OF THE EAST.*

THE incidents in the life of Buddha, as commonly handed down by tradition, have long been the subject of doubtful disputations, and the very existence of the great teacher has been held by some modern scholars to be open to question. Even by those least inclined to extreme views it is recognized that the doctrine he enunciated must so completely have overshadowed his personality, that his disciples when lost in the contemplation of the deep truths which he proclaimed were hardly likely to concern themselves about a detailed history of his life. And they hold, therefore, that the lives, as we have them, are the works of later periods. No doubt this is true. Unlike Confucius, whose teachings, having been directed mainly towards outward conduct and the rules of propriety, found their best commentary in the daily incidents of his life, Buddha led his disciples away from the contemplation of material existence, and launched them in the sphere of metaphysical speculation. Confucius's life was a part of his teaching, and to every action was attributed an important meaning. No circumstance was too trivial for his disciples to brood over, and no event too insignificant to be recorded. With Buddha, on the contrary, we see that among his earliest disciples his individuality was completely merged in the abstract truths which he preached. Thus the nearer we approach to contemporary records the scantier are the biographical details related, and in proportion to the length of the interval which separates the biographer from his subject is the increase in the amount of personal matter which encumbers the narrative.

The most ancient traditions of Buddha's life are unquestionably those preserved in Ceylon, and in them we find only the shadow of the outline which has been so fully filled in by the writers of the more modern northern Indian school. None of the ancient Pali texts, for example, give any countenance to the legendary records of the Lalita Vistara, which bear unmistakable evidence of being later additions. At first it was proposed that Professor Beal should translate a Chinese version of this work for the present series; but after having toiled through more than one-half of the text, he found the labour so tedious and unprofitable that he abandoned it, and at the suggestion of Professor Max Müller undertook instead a translation of the Chinese version of the Buddhacharita-kāvya. This work is considered by Burnouf and others to be an abridgment of the Lalita Vistara, and therefore of a later date. The fact of its being free from the grammatical peculiarities which belong to the Pali and Prakrit dialects, and of its being written in a more grammatical language than the Lalita Vistara, is evidence in support of this view. On the other hand, the absence from its pages of a number of the more puerile traditions which disfigure the text of the prose work would seem to show that it was the earlier of the two. But, whatever may be the date of the Lalita Vistara, we know with some certainty that Asvaghosha, the author of the Buddhacharita-kāvya, lived and wrote in the beginning of the first century. Nor, as it appears to us, need the question arise as to which of the two can claim priority of date, since their contents are so entirely different. Nothing that occurs in the first six chapters of the Lalita Vistara finds any place in the Buddhacharita-kāvya, nor is it easy to trace any further connexion between the rest of the Lalita Vistara and the work of Asvaghosha than might naturally be expected to exist between two accounts of the same traditional events.

Biographers tell us that Asvaghosha was originally a distinguished Brahman, that he became a convert to Buddhism, that during the greater part of his life he travelled through Central India in the characters of poet, musician, and preacher, and that finally he followed Kanishka in his northern campaigns. Such a man having many and exceptionally favourable opportunities of collecting the reports current concerning the life of the founder of the religion to which he had become a convert, would be more likely to give vent to a poem reflecting the traditions he had gathered than to render into verse an abridged version of an existing text. That his work had early acquired popularity is proved by the fact that it was one among those chosen by the Buddhist missionaries to be translated into Chinese. This task was undertaken by a native of Central India who called himself in Chinese T'an-mo-lo-ch'an, a name which both Mr. Nanjio and Professor Beal have ventured to restore as Dharmaraksha. This devoted missionary arrived in China in the year 414 A.D., and at

* *The Sacred Books of the East; the Fo-sho-hing-tsan-king: a Life of Buddha.* By Asvaghosha Bodhisattva. Translated from Sanskrit into Chinese by Dharmaraksha, A.D. 420, and from Chinese into English by Samuel Beal. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1883.

the request of Mang-sun, the reigning Emperor of the Northern Leang Dynasty, spent seven years in translating into Chinese a number of Indian Buddhist works, among which was the *Buddhacharita-kāvya*. At the close of that period he accepted an invitation from the ruler of the Northern Wei Dynasty to visit his Court; and while on his way thither was murdered by an assassin sent for the purpose by his late host, who, fearing that Dharmaraksha might harbour traitorous designs against him, devised this treacherous deed.

Like most of the Buddhist translators, Dharmaraksha gives us no information as to the native text he used to translate from, and it is only by a comparison with the contents of the *Fo-sho-hing-tsan-king* that we are led to assume that it was in this case from a Sanskrit copy of the *Buddhacharita-kāvya*. But if this be so, there must have existed at that time a more complete text in Sanskrit than is now known to be extant, since in the existing Sanskrit text there are only found seventeen out of the twenty-eight chapters of the Chinese version. Both the titles and the contents of these seventeen chapters agree with those in the present work, with the exception of the title of the eleventh, sixteenth, and seventeenth chapters, which vary slightly. But they only carry the life of Buddha down to his visit to Lumbini at the invitation of Bimbisāra Rajah, whereas in the Chinese we read of a number of adventures and proselytizing efforts, culminating in his attaining to Nirvāna and the final distribution of his relics.

It is fortunate for the readers of *The Sacred Books of the East* that Professor Beal substituted the *Buddhacharita-kāvya* for the *Lalita Vistara*. For, though in both versions the facts of Buddha's life are overlaid with later traditional legends, the *Buddhacharita-kāvya* is as sober history compared with the wildly superstitious vagaries of the *Lalita Vistara*. A fair test of the comparative historical worth of the early Pāli records, the *Buddhacharita-kāvya* and the *Lalita Vistara*, is supplied in the accounts they severally contain of the birth and parentage of Buddha. From the Pāli sources we learn that he was the son of *Suddhodana*, a wealthy Śākya noble, and the absence of all mention of any particular circumstances connected with his birth leaves it to be supposed that he came into the world as all his fellow-mortals have done through all time. In the *Buddhacharita-kāvya*, however, *Suddhodana* becomes a king, and we are told that his illustrious son was born from the right side of the Queen *Māyā*, his mother. "Gradually emerging from the womb, he shed in every direction the rays of his glory. . . . Calm and collected, not falling headlong (was he born), gloriously manifested, perfectly adorned, sparkling with light, he came from the womb, as when the sun first rises from the East. . . . Upright and firm and unconfused in mind, he deliberately took seven steps, the soles of his feet resting evenly upon the ground as he went, his footmarks remained bright as seven stars. . . . And now from the midst of heaven there descended two streams of pure water, one warm, the other cold, and baptized his head, causing refreshment to his body"; and so on.

Fanciful as all this appears, it is prosaic compared with the parallel passages in the *Lalita Vistara*. There the faithful are informed that when Buddha, after having been in the womb ten months, was on the point of being born, "there were manifested the thirty-two miraculous signs," all of which are detailed at length, and among which occur such as the following:—"In the after garden all the trees spontaneously bore fruit. . . . The sun and moon ceased to move. The constellation *Pushya* descending waited in rear of all the other stars. . . . The five poisonous insects suddenly disappeared, whilst the birds of good omen soaring aloft poured forth pleasant songs. . . . The pains inflicted in the different births were allayed." These strange portents suggested to the mind of the Queen that some supernatural event was about to take place, and moved by an inspiration, she adjourned to the Lumbini garden escorted by countless attendants, and by two hundred elephants all decorated with gems and pearls and furnished with six tusks apiece. As the Queen seated herself in the garden the universe was six times shaken, and simultaneously with the birth of Buddha five thousand attendants gave birth to infants, eight hundred young nurses were delivered of sons, and a hundred thousand elephants produced their young.

The same spirit of superstitious exaggeration pervades in a greater and less degree the whole history of Buddha both in the *Lalita Vistara* and the *Buddhacharita-kāvya*, in both of which works not only is every event distorted by pure inventions, but even the spiritual temptations with which Buddha had to contend in his course towards Nirvāna, take the shape of innumerable demons, who are represented as attacking him personally with carnal weapons, and spiritually with the grossest allurements. In all this farrago of superstition the really grand character of Buddha becomes completely obscured, and we turn from it with pleasure to the early Pāli records, in which we find the simple life, the deep philosophic truths, and the sublime purity of the great teacher truthfully reflected. But, though thus disfigured by legend, the *Buddhacharita-kāvya*, as representing the faith of many millions of devoted followers of Buddha, holds an important place among *The Sacred Books of the East*, and in the present volume its contents are ably and sympathetically expounded by Professor Beal. We have not had an opportunity of comparing his translation with the original Chinese; but it may be fairly accepted as a faithful rendering of the text, more especially as the possession of the Sanskrit version would have enabled Professor Max Müller to have detected and tested variations or inconsistencies, had any such existed.

THE RIGHT SORT.*

IF simplicity and straightforwardness be the cardinal virtues of prose, as some have declared them to be of poetry, Mrs. Kennard's prose should take very high rank. Her straightforwardness is, indeed, something astonishing in these euphuistic days. The names she employs for the people and the places she writes about recall the etymology of our old comedy, with its Foppingtons, Clumsys, Hoydens, Flirts, Frails, and so forth. The heroine, a devoted follower of the fox, is known as Miss Kate Brewer. Her place of residence is Sport Lodge, Foxington, Huntingshire. Her stud-groom's name is Stirrup. Her lover's name—the groom comes naturally first—is the Hon. Jack Clinker, a colonel in the Guards, also of course a mighty Nimrod, and the first gentleman-jockey of his day. Even when Mrs. Kennard deserts the realms of imagination for the real world of foxes, hounds, and horses, she pursues the same directness—except, indeed, in the case of the first-named object of her idolatry, which mostly figures, as in books it mostly does, under the name of Reynard. Even her own Mr. Terence McGrath, who, if he may be judged from a conversation reported in the third chapter, must have been one of the most thick-witted Irishmen that ever drew breath, could hardly have failed to penetrate the disguise with which Mrs. Kennard has sought, we presume, to baffle those too curious readers who are always agog to identify the novelist's "creations." The hounds which meet within reach of Sport Lodge are the Critchley (reminding one of Mr. Bright's famous diatribe), the Scottesmore, the Horn, the Lever, the South Garrick, and Sir Beauchamp Lennard's. The huntsman of the Critchley is known as Will Steadall. One of the characters, though it is true he appears only vicariously upon the scene, is concealed under the not very complimentary paraphrase of Lord Silliby de Moke. There is, to speak truth, rather a strong personal flavour about the lady's pages. We cannot get rid of the idea that she is drawing, as they say, from the life; and, if this be so, we can hardly agree with her in thinking Foxington exactly the place to spend a happy winter in, even with all the attractions of the Critchley, the Horn, and those other famous packs thrown in.

There is nothing very romantic about this romance. A hard-riding young lady, who disports herself in a public steeplechase, and calls her ponies "Brandy and Soda," is hardly an ideal heroine; nor is it easy to wax very sentimental over the loves of a Clinker and a Brewer. Even Swift, who could "write finely on a broomstick," might have been hard put to it in such circumstances!

Oh, youth! Oh, love! Such are thy follies! if indeed can be called follies those sentiments of unselfish affection which soften and chasten the heart, rendering men and women more lenient to each other, more sympathetic, more unselfish, more discerning, and yet more tolerant of human failings. Surely, in the words of a great national poet, "Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all."

Perhaps; but this great national poet has also other words in which an unsuccessful lover is made to warn the object of his misplaced affections of a time when his more fortunate rival will hold her "something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse." Despite her good intentions, it is our national poet in his latter than in his former mood that Mrs. Kennard mostly forces us to recall. Miss Brewer thinks that women who do not hunt "miss one of the greatest, if not the greatest, pleasure in life by not doing so." Colonel Clinker, on the other hand, "hates hunting women," and gives his reasons, at some length, for thinking them "confounded beres." To be sure, he and Kate are left very comfortably married at the end of the third volume; but—"when his passion shall have spent its novel force?" A thousand possible obstacles to the current of their married life rise to one's mind. They might "ride jealous" of each other. Appalling thought! But to dip into the future is not our business; it is with Miss Brewer, not with Mrs. Clinker, that we are concerned. Now, she is, let it be said, a very nice girl, for all her hard riding, which we take leave to think is not the proper business of a young lady, and her *Anacreontic* ponies. She is merry and tolerably wise as well; as straightforward in private life as in the hunting-field; she is, moreover, very pretty and very rich. And Colonel Clinker, too, is a good fellow, after his kind, which is, perhaps, a little too much of the kind of George Lawrence's "Cherub," though Jack Clinker has rather more of the true ring about him than has Bertie Grenvil. He is over head and ears in debt, of course, and, equally of course, thinks himself much more ill-used than his creditors. But according to a certain, or, as we should rather perhaps say, an uncertain code of honour which finds favour in novels of this class, he may be held an honourable man. He pays when he can; he will always help a friend; he always meets his "debts of honour." Since the days of *Digby Grand*, in short, the character has figured in hundreds of books, and is probably familiar enough elsewhere. The hero and heroine, therefore, may pass; but we do not like their surroundings. Miss Brewer has a companion, who is a well-behaved young person, of a somewhat colourless complexion; but the other characters are not very engaging, especially the women. Mrs. Forrester, indeed, is designed to have claims upon our friendship. She is declared to be "thoroughly jolly, kind-hearted, and good-natured." But she is also a terrible busybody and tale-bearer; she will sell the worst horse

* *The Right Sort; or, a Romance of the Shires.* By Mrs. Edward Kennard. 3 vols. London: Remington & Co. 1883.

in her stable to her best friend at the highest possible price; and her manners and language are masculine to the verge of coarseness. Miss Palliser and Mrs. Paget are unpleasant creatures unpleasantly described. Mrs. Kennard is, indeed, a little too fond of minute personal descriptions, which come with no very good grace from a lady's pen, particularly when the unfortunate victim is of her own sex. Miss Palliser is painted for us with "small, pig eyes," and "cheeks of a mottled purple, relieved by patches of solferino at the point of the nose and chin." During the famous steeplechase, where she tries to knock Miss Brewer over at a fence, she "gasped and snorted like an old porpoise." On the same occasion Mrs. Paget "bumped to and fro in the saddle, strongly suggestive of a suet pudding fastened up in a loosely tied cloth." This is not a gracious way for a woman to write of women, however literal a transcript of nature it may be. The "Shires" have generally been believed to be the most aristocratic hunting-grounds in the world. Matters may have changed since the days of "Nimrod," but they must have changed most unconsciously if the men and women of these pages may be taken as even remotely typical of those who now gather by the side of Ranksboro' Gorse or the Coplow. Mrs. Kennard's hunting-fields are those rather of Mr. Sponge and Mr. Jorrocks, than of Mr. Sawyer or Miss Kate Coventry.

A sporting novel, however, should be judged most particularly on its sporting side. Here there is a good deal more to be said for Mrs. Kennard. Horses and hounds are generally wont to suffer a curious change when taken in hand by women—and not seldom, it must be owned, by men as well. "Sir," once said Dr. Johnson, "a woman preaching is like a dog walking on its hind legs; it is not well done, but you marvel that it is done at all." One need not say this about Mrs. Kennard's hunting scenes. In these she is evidently writing about what she is fond of and understands very tolerably well. Her descriptions sometimes suffer a little from her as yet imperfect command of the English language; she rides, we should be inclined to say, better than she writes; but, on the whole, they are natural, spirited, and sensible. Her horses do not, like the abnormal creations of the gifted Ouida, gallop over a country at the rate of a mile a minute; the competitors in her steeplechase do not all start with the odds of 2 to 1 betted on them. To compare her with Whyte-Melville would be cruel; while her literary experience is not yet sufficient to give her the "natural touch" of Trollope when he carries his readers through a run. Nevertheless, in her own way, and after all deductions are made, she, to borrow a phrase from her favourite sport, can hold her own across a country. Here is a passage which will serve at once as a sample of her knowledge and her ignorance:—

Meantime Mrs. Forrester had slackened her space for a moment in order to make quite sure the hounds were not likely to retrace their footsteps; but when she saw the now lessening pack racing away in the distance, she said to Kate—

"There's no help for it, Miss Brewer, we must do or die. After beating nearly all the field, with a very few exceptions, we cannot show the white feather now for fear of a wet jacket."

"All right," assented Kate. "Will you go first, or shall I?"

"I've got the run in. Let me."

So saying, she shortened Singing Bird's bridle in an extra firm grasp, and drove the horse with wonderful pluck at the brook. He was beginning to get done, and did not respond to her call with much alacrity; besides which Singing Bird, like many another good hunter, entertained a decided aversion to the sight and sound of rippling water, more especially when perfectly open, as in the present case. Now when he perceived the swift current rushing many feet beneath him, and looked down into the cavity, his heart suddenly failed him, and for one fatal second he stood hesitating on the brink. Mrs. Forrester was thoroughly roused. Over or in, she did not care which, but she was determined not to put up with the denial. Singing Bird tried hard to cut it, but there was no avoiding that resolute hand and sharp-rowelled heel; therefore trembling, but obedient, he gave a huge spasmodic bound, and jumped far into the air. Too far, and not wide enough, for he lacked the necessary impetus, and fell short with both hind legs. There was a scramble and a breaking away of loosened earth as Mrs. Forrester half rolled, half threw herself off, and by so doing avoided immersion; but she never lost hold of the bridle, and Singing Bird, finding the weight removed from his hind quarters, succeeded in struggling up the bank without injury.

We have not space to continue the passage, to show how triumphantly Kate followed her friend's lead, and how nearly she in her turn "came to grief" by an injudicious attempt to "show off" before the gallant Oinker. Singing Bird's struggles are described a little too minutely; there is a lack of "pace" about the passage. Still it impresses one with the idea that the writer, if she has not herself been actually in the same predicament as Mrs. Forrester, has been an eye-witness of a similar scene. Indeed, so long as Mrs. Kennard keeps in the open air, there is not much fault to find with her. She is a little cumbersome in her sentences, a little too fond of long words; but she writes, to use the popular phrase, "with her eye fixed upon the object." Perhaps her best work is in the episode of "King Olaf's" death, which might almost match with the death of poor "Bold" in *The Interpreter*. It is too long to quote, but is really quite a tearful piece of writing. If Mrs. Kennard gives us another romance of the hunting-field, we hope she will manage to find some more agreeable models to sit to her. Fox-hunting has so many and such zealous enemies nowadays, we hear so much of its debasing and brutalizing tendencies, that it is only prudent for those who wish it well to present its votaries in as amiable a light as may be. If a Miss Palliser were really a specimen of what human nature can be brought to by the pursuit of the fox, it would be perhaps difficult to find many arguments against Messrs. Anderson and Blake in their next attack upon field-sports.

SEAMEN.*

IT cannot be said that, in the publication of Sir T. Brassey's volumes on the British navy, there has been any of that delay which so often tends to mar the effect of works published in parts. The first portion of his compilation appeared early last year, and now the fifth and concluding volume is brought out. Fortunately it is, to a considerable extent, a reprint; and, having been written before Sir T. Brassey had come to the conclusion that a scrap-book was an epitome, it is very superior to the two volumes which immediately preceded it, and is worthy to rank with the first and second, which, as we have several times pointed out, were of great value. In those two parts of his work Sir T. Brassey treated of shipbuilding for purposes of war, and of plates, guns, and torpedoes, and gave a vast mass of carefully collected information, of infinite value to all who desired to know something of modern naval armaments, and of the comparative fighting power of Great Britain and other countries. Unfortunately he thought fit to follow these two excellent volumes by two others which were greatly inferior to them. The first consisted of a collection of dissertations, opinions, articles, and speeches, put together with but little attempt at order or arrangement, and without any regard for their relative worth. So utterly careless was Sir T. Brassey as to what he offered his readers that he actually reprinted a certain article which had appeared in the *Times* about that absurd ship the *Livadia*. In the fourth volume some good matter was mixed with much which was ill-arranged and obsolete. It is not easy to understand how a writer of deserved reputation can have been willing to allow two such feeble volumes to appear after two such good ones, and can have entirely overlooked the necessity for sifting, revising, and compressing material which, offered in the crude mass, was for many readers almost useless.

Happily, however, Vol. V. is of a very different character from Vols. III. and IV., and, though in fact nothing but an enlarged edition of a former book, it will do much to restore the character of Sir T. Brassey's work as a whole. Six years ago he published a book on British seamen which attracted much attention, and was generally, and certainly most deservedly, praised. It was clearly the fruit of no small labour, contained a large amount of excellent matter, and some thoughtful suggestions. Now he reproduces it with omissions and alterations, and with a new chapter on recent legislation affecting the seamen. The second edition will certainly be welcomed, and can hardly fail to interest many, as the work is in no way obsolete, and bears on questions which are quite as important now as they were in 1877. Of the many subjects dealt with the most weighty is certainly that considered in the first chapter, which attracted so much attention when the work originally appeared. Have our seamen degenerated? asks the author; and then he proceeds to give a great mass of evidence, and to draw, very cautiously, a conclusion which is partly favourable. The evidence is, as might be expected, conflicting, and some of it, which it is well worth while to notice though this is a second edition, will probably astonish readers who make acquaintance with the book for the first time. Thus, to begin with, Sir T. Brassey's pages show that complaints about the degeneracy of seamen are of very old date, and have been made again and again, and that it would be an error to suppose that, even in the days of the Great War, the ships of the fleet were exclusively manned by real sailors. From a paper read at the Royal United Service Institution in 1871 by Captain Gardner and quoted by Sir T. Brassey, it appears that in 1803 the line-of-battle ships *Donagel* and *Belleville* went out to the Mediterranean with only twenty men in each ship who could take the wheel. After the battle of Trafalgar the *Conqueror* had just eight men on board who could knot a shroud. The difficulty in manning the navy was undoubtedly in part due to the system of impressment, which, as Sir T. Brassey observes, made seamen hostile to their own country, and in part perhaps to the extreme severity of the discipline, but still it seems curious to find that, at the beginning of the century, when our sailors are thought to have been at their very best, captains had to put up with inferior men, and that there was probably on many a quarter-deck angry talk about the degeneracy of seamen, and about the miserable creatures who replaced the strong men of former days. In later years, but long before the present time, grave complaints were made about the falling off in the character of seamen. Consul Giffard, writing from Vera Cruz in 1847, spoke of it as certain, and attributed it to overwork and ill usage. In 1851 Sir T. Hastings said that, when the country was flourishing, four thousand to five thousand seamen were the most that could be obtained on any sudden demand for the fleet, and that they were generally of an inferior description. In 1852 Sir William Hall stated that merchant captains took foreigners in preference to Englishmen, and Mr. William Phillips, President of the Ship-owners' Association, spoke of our own at present demoralized race. In 1858 Rear-Admiral George Elliott stated before a Commission that the character of merchant seamen had very much deteriorated, and in 1860 similar evidence was given before Mr. Lindsay's Commission. Lamentations, then, about the degeneracy of merchant seamen are of old standing, and have been frequently repeated; and it may perhaps be inferred that the complaints which attracted Sir T. Brassey's attention, and which are made still, were and are merely repetitions of an old cry. The infer-

* *The British Navy*. By Sir Thomas Brassey. Vol. V. London: Longmans & Co.

ence, however, though a fair one, would not be by any means necessarily a just one. The fact that a complaint has often been made before does not necessarily prove that it is wrongly made now. When a branch of manufacture is declining, it is sometimes possible to show that it has in past days been spoken of before as being in a bad way; but nevertheless irrefutable facts prove after a while that this time the decline is real. With regard to merchant seamen, there is too much reason to believe that the complaints which Sir T. Brassey considered, and which certainly have not abated since his book was published, have only too good a ground. It has been and is very generally said that the merchant seaman is quite as much given to drink as he formerly was, quite as prone to desert, and that he is decidedly less competent than of old; and it is to be feared that these statements are not without foundation. A good deal of testimony the other way is given in Sir T. Brassey's first chapter; but, on the whole, the weight of evidence seems unfortunately against the sailors. Curiously enough, a passage in which he attempts to show that the complaints are exaggerated affords the best proof that they are well founded. After remarking that wide differences exist, he says:—

A comparison of the character and skill of the seamen of the present day with the same class, as it is conceived to have been forty years ago, always gives rise to divergent opinion among shipowners and ship captains. As a general rule, it will be found that the complaints proceed from ship captains advanced in years, and from the owners of sailing ships. Old captains and shipowners, in common with all aged persons in other walks of life, are prone to extol the men and the things of the past, and to disparage unduly their later contemporaries.

There is some justice in this observation, no doubt; but it is to be observed that the owners of sailing ships are not necessarily aged; and it may well be asked who can be better qualified to speak on this question than shipowners of this class and merchant captains of great experience. To the owners of steam-ships the efficiency of sailors is not so important as to the others, and young captains cannot make comparisons as the old ones can; although, for that matter, we very much doubt whether young captains would be found to be much enamoured of the sailors of the present day. Surely, if the men who are most vitally interested in the efficiency of sailors say that they are falling off, there is strong reason for supposing that the deterioration is real, and not fancied. If, indeed, Mr. Williams, the secretary, was right in an estimate which he made some years ago of the number of A. B.'s in the merchant service, the degeneracy must have been very grave. According to him, there were in the merchant navy only twenty thousand able seamen. Of foreign A. B.'s the number was nearly the same; and if his figures were, even within wide limits, approximately correct, the foreigner must have largely supplanted the Englishman on board English ships.

There may, of course, have been improvement since the time when Sir T. Brassey's book was published; but it can hardly be doubted that, had there been evidence of amelioration, he would have brought it to light, as he has always been the consistent friend and advocate of the sailor. If, however, there are grounds for believing that merchant seamen are not what they were, and that there are at present no signs of a change for the better, there are, happily, reasons for thinking that, painful as the fact is, it is not so important as it appears at first sight. From the mass of evidence collected by Sir T. Brassey one thing is abundantly clear, as he is careful to point out. The falling off was much more marked amongst the men employed on board sailing-ships than amongst those employed on board steamers. Those who man the latter seem to do their work fairly well, and to conduct themselves fairly well. Wages, on the whole, are higher in steam-ships than in sailing-vessels, and this attracts men of a good class. Probably those who serve on board steamers are not by any means so skilful at all kinds of nautical work as real A. B.'s were formerly; but into this question it is not necessary now to enter. Men seem to be, generally speaking, good enough for what they have to do, and that is sufficient. Now as steamers have already to a considerable extent supplanted sailing-ships, and are likely to supplant them still more—are likely, indeed, in the opinion of many not unqualified to judge, to supplant them almost entirely—it may reasonably be argued that the comparative inefficiency of the sailors who serve on board sailing-vessels is not after all such a very grave matter. The speedier ship has replaced the slower one, and seamen are found to work her. On board the inferior vessel there is an inferior crew. When merchandise was mainly carried in sailing-ships a falling off in the character of the sailors would have been a very serious disaster; but now that so much is carried by steamers the misfortune is not nearly so great. The skill of seamen is a much less important thing when steam is the motive power than it was when vessels were dependent upon sails alone. Really good seamen, such men as in former days would have been fit to be mainmopmen or foretopmen on board frigates, may now be hard to find; but then they are scarcely wanted on board steamers, and the men who can be found do not, on the whole, appear to be incompetent. In sailing-ships very inferior men are no doubt often employed, but then sailing-ships belong to a declining class destined possibly to disappear. Deterioration in the character of their crews is most deeply to be regretted; but the decadence is not a matter of such gravity as it would have been in former days.

In one respect it is happily of no importance whatever. In other times a falling off in the character of merchant seamen

would have seriously affected the navy, which was to a certain extent supplied from the merchant service. Now, putting aside the Naval Reserve, there is practically a separation between the two classes of seamen; and, though this separation is often deplored, it has at all events this good result, that the deterioration of merchant seamen leaves the navy untouched. Fortunately there is every reason to believe that the navy never was more splendidly manned than it is now. Sir T. Brassey says:—

The boys reared in the Navy become the finest seamen in the world. Originally selected with the greatest care, and afterwards supplied with abundant food, exercised in a manner which develops their physical powers to the utmost, and breathing an invigorating air, they become the finest specimens of the man-of-war's man which can be seen in any service.

Unlike most pleasing statements, this can be literally accepted. The seamen of the Royal Navy begin on board the training-ships, and go from them to men-of-war, and many of them pass their whole sea life in the service. They are, as has just been said, separated from the merchant sailors, and though this separation may be bad for the merchant service, it is certainly good for the navy. The men never acquire the objectionable habits which sometimes prevail on board merchant vessels, and never lose the smartness which is essential for man-of-war's men. They may not be able to acquire quite the same wonderful skill as their predecessors who were always on board sailing-ships. It might be difficult now to find a parallel to the crew of the *Queen* when she carried Admiral Sir William Parker's flag in the Mediterranean; but in these days, when all war-ships are propelled by steam, when many are very lightly rigged, and when some have no masts at all, great skill in handling the sails is far less important than it was when ships had to depend on the wind. In certain respects the man-of-war sailors of the present day are markedly superior to the blue-jackets of a previous generation; and when the deterioration of seamen is spoken of, it should not be forgotten that, if there has been a falling off in the merchant service, there has been none in the navy, and that the sailors who now man the fleet are, so far as can be told without a war, worthy successors of the best of those who went before them. For this reason, and for that previously given, the deterioration, lamentable though it be, is not so lamentable as it would have been in past times. In one respect, indeed, it may affect the strength of our defences, as it may impair the efficiency of the Reserves; but perhaps it will be found possible to adopt some plan, such as that of Sir T. Brassey, by which Naval Reserve men will at the outbreak be trained for a certain period in the navy. Into this subject, however, we have not at present space to enter.

DOWN SOUTH.*

LADY DUFFUS HARDY'S account of her journey *Down South* gives good evidence as to the reconstruction of the South; she draws a vivid sketch of life as it there presents itself to an ordinary traveller, while the outlines and casual touches of the picture are sufficient to bring into strong contrast the differences between the South of yesterday and of to-day. One's pleasure in reading the book is considerably marred by Lady Duffus Hardy's occasional tendency to gush, and by her too liberal use of epithets. Boys at school eke out their ideas when composing the required number of verses by help of the "Gradus ad Parnassum," which supplies them with a choice of synonyms for every substantive, and of more or less appropriate epithets. It would almost seem as if Lady Duffus Hardy must have employed some similar help to composition. For instance, she says of the river James at Richmond, a somewhat prosaic stream, easily navigable for steamers, that it "boils and bubbles in whirling eddies beneath our feet, rushing in roaring rapids on its tempestuous way. . . . This rich woodland, growing out of the depths of the turbulent water in serene loveliness, contrasting with the white gnashing teeth of the foaming wave-crests below." The negro cabins are spoken of as "poor, squalid-looking dwellings, apparently inhabited by our brethren of African descent." Occasionally one is amused or annoyed by a bit of fine writing like the following, the subject being the names of Confederate dead in the cemetery near Richmond:—"They are written in emblazoned letters on the scroll of fame, and will be read by trumpet-tongues when they are unrolled in the light of heaven." A description of a pine forest, with its "branches standing out stiff and grim, like serried ranks of swords, pricking the skies—a standing army of nature's wild recruits rooted to her breast," cannot but provoke a smile. But when Lady Duffus Hardy later on comes to speak of the semi-tropical scenery of Florida, of its everglades and its wealth of strange forms of animal and vegetable life, she shows that she is perfectly capable of giving a graphic description of the face of nature in well-chosen words.

After leaving Richmond, Lady Duffus Hardy went through the Shenandoah Valley into Western Virginia, which she justly characterizes as exhibiting some of the most beautiful scenery in the South—it would have been no more than just had she said in the whole Union. As a rule, there is little scenery in most of the States that would attract travellers who are familiar with Norway or the Italian lakes. The White Mountains of New

* *Down South*. By Lady Duffus Hardy. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1883.

Hampshire, or even the Adirondacks, cannot compare with Scotland; you cross the Rocky Mountains without knowing that you have left the plains; and many hundreds of miles of uninteresting scenery must be traversed before you can reach places of exceptional grandeur or beauty, such as the Yosemite, the Yellowstone region, or the great Cañon of Colorado. Considering the accessibility of the Blue Mountains, it is a wonder that they have not been more often visited and described. Lady Duffus Hardy gives a curious account of the descendants of some Irish and Scotch who came over to these secluded valleys two hundred years ago, and even up to the present day live a primitive life, almost without intercourse with the outer world. Their solitude, however, seems likely to be intruded on and their semi-savage mode of life improved away by the recent discovery of mines in their neighbourhood. In Charleston, where two-thirds of the population are black, Lady Duffus Hardy was much struck by the way in which they tacitly acknowledge the superiority of the white race as shown especially in the small matters of everyday life. She comments with surprise on the failure of the two races to amalgamate; she had expected that the half-breeds would greatly outnumber the original race, whereas the further South she went the more rare was it to come across the mulatto or others of mixed blood. Lady Duffus Hardy takes a low view of the general capacity of the black race for improvement; she characterizes them as shiftless and improvident, as only willing to work while necessity compels, and prophecies that generations must pass before they can learn the lesson of self-government. The recent proceedings, however, at the National Convention of Coloured Men, held at Louisville, go far to refute this conclusion. The address there adopted is a moderate and well-considered document. The delegates refused to commit themselves to any political policy or candidate, and, in dealing with the social problem, suggested only moral means for its solution. There is no doubt that the uncertainty of black labour is at present a great drawback in the labour market of the Southern States; but, as the country fills up and capital is imported, the struggle for existence will become keener, and the evil will in time cure itself. In Charleston Lady Duffus Hardy first came across evidence of the curse of the South—malaria, or fever in some shape—which renders life impossible in so many localities during the summer months. There is a tempting description of the profusion of fruit and vegetables in the Charleston markets; but the author is in error in saying that the oyster and egg plants are unknown in European markets. The oyster plant is the common English *salafy*—so well cooked, it is true, in America that you would hardly recognize it for the same vegetable; while the egg plant is the “Aubergine,” whose glossy, dark purple exterior attracts one’s notice in every Paris greengrocer’s display. Before starting on her journey, Lady Duffus Hardy had been warned by many kind friends as to the miserable accommodation which she would find in Southern hotels and on Southern railroads; but, however true this may have been ten years ago, it turned out to be all changed for the better now; the hotels, though not so luxurious as those in the North, invariably contained large, airy, and conveniently-furnished rooms, and the cuisine was all that a healthy appetite and good digestion could require. Pullman cars have penetrated all the main lines of communication, and the river steamers are perhaps the most luxurious mode of travel to be found anywhere. The “forest city” of Savannah, with its quadruple rows of trees in the principal thoroughfares, was an agreeable halting-place after passing through the cypress swamps of Georgia. The most attractive as well as instructive part of the book is that which relates to Florida, for here Lady Duffus Hardy is almost on new ground. It is only within the last few years that Americans have appreciated the advantages of their southernmost possession as a winter resort. Here without crossing the sea or quitting the shelter of the Stars and Stripes, they may, with less trouble than it takes for us to reach the Riviera, enjoy a climate of perfect summer during the winter months. The northern portion of Florida, in which all the cereals, fruit, and vegetables cultivated in the Northern States, as well as some few of the hardier Southern products, may be grown, contains the most picturesque scenery in the State, rocks, streams, and forests, as well as land suitable for raising the finest live stock. The central or semi-tropical portion is generally sandy and uninteresting, though in certain parts the products of the temperate and torrid zone grow side by side, and vast quantities of oranges, lemons, and other fruits and vegetables are shipped to Northern markets during the first three months of the year. This region is, however, at irregular intervals, sometimes extending to many years, visited by frost, which, when it does come, ruins the crops for that season. Southern Florida is well named by Lady Duffus Hardy the Egypt of the United States. Here frosts are unknown, and every tropical fruit and product may be cultivated with success. The country, except along the Atlantic seaboard, is level, and the scenery “is made up of sunshine, fruits, and flowers.” At the southernmost point are the celebrated “Everglades”—thousands of square miles covered with shallow lagoons of fresh water, clear as crystal, and diversified by islands sustaining an immense growth of valuable timber. These wilds, almost impenetrable to white folk, owing to their deadly atmosphere after nightfall, are the last resort of the remnant of the once powerful tribe of Seminoles. Jacksonville, near the mouth of the St. John’s, which alone among rivers of the United States runs from South to North, is the emporium of the fruit-packing trade and the chief resort of fashionable invalidism. During the season it is

the gayest of gay places. Lady Duffus Hardy compares its business thoroughfare to a bit of Regent Street plumped down on the skirts of a semi-tropical city; but it is strictly a winter abode. Though it was only the middle of March, the invalid population were already taking flight, and in two months more it would be literally emptied, even of its floating population. Many people prefer Fernandina, as being quieter, cooler, and more bracing, owing to its situation on the coast, about fifty miles from Jacksonville. A river steamer, with a saloon as elegantly fitted as a London drawing-room, conveyed the travellers thirty miles up the St. John’s River, past villas and country houses that in winter are bits of Paradise laid down on these smiling shores, but are deserted ere the summer, breathing disease and death, comes on. Lady Duffus Hardy landed at Tocoi, whence an hour and a half by a Lilliputian railway brought her to the quaint old Spanish town of St. Augustine, on the Atlantic coast. The hotels were the only touches of modern life there; everything else had an old-world look. The houses, built of a kind of compressed shell-stone called “coquina,” are many of them still inhabited by the descendants of the early Spanish settlers. The orange groves in the outskirts, and the smooth shell road below the sea-wall, render it a most delightful resort. By the way, what does Lady Duffus Hardy mean by saying that you may here enjoy a promenade “*au cheval*”? Is it a gentle way of insinuating that St. Augustine is a “one-horse place”? The author went back to Tocoi, thence for two hours up the St. John’s to Palatka, and so by rail to Silver Springs, on the upper waters of the Ocklawaha River, a tributary of the St. John’s. The best chapter in the book describes the voyage down this river:—

Dense masses of jungle and wild forest lands sweep down and close it on either side with their leafy embrace; so closely they clasp it, that often we cannot see a foot of water on either side of us, and the branches of the fine old trees reach their long arms across and interlock one with the other, forming a grand over-arching avenue above our heads. It is so narrow here and there that it seems as though by some strange magical process the green earth had been liquefied purely for our accommodation in passing through, and anon the stream spreads out like a shining silver mirror in the heart of a jungle of overhanging trees. Never was there such variety of scenery on a single river; it seems as though nature had gathered all her forces here just to show how much she could do with her few favourite allies—the forest, rock, and stream.

After exploring the upper waters of the St. John into the lake regions of Central Florida, Lady Duffus Hardy returned to Jacksonville, and thence travelled by rail across Alabama to New Orleans—the “Paris of the South.” The book concludes with an idyllic picture of Columbia, in South Carolina, “steeped in the Southern sunshine, robed in fair green garlands, with blooming gardens clinging about her skirts.”

AN ITALIAN NOVEL.*

AMONG living Italian novelists the Marchesa Colombi is entitled to a high rank. Her latest novel is by no means inferior to her best previous efforts; it is eminently wholesome, strong, and interesting; while to a foreigner we cannot but think that it supplies a particularly attractive series of pictures of village life in the North of Italy. *Il Tramonto d'un Ideale* (“The Sunset of an Ideal”) is a story of to-day in which a variety of the social problems which occupy modern Italian thought are treated in a way which is humorous without being cynical, and with a close which is melancholy but scarcely tragical. We recommend it as a story which is worth reading, and even, we should imagine, worth translating.

The scene of *Il Tramonto d'un Ideale* is laid in a little upland village somewhere at the foot of the Pennine Alps in Piedmont. The village is called Fontanetto; but its situation is pretty clearly marked by the fact that it is in the province of Novara, and that to reach it it is necessary to take a carriage on from the railway-station of Borgomanero. This suggests to us some spot in the neighbourhood of Varallo, and localizes the story quite sufficiently. The local doctor of Fontanetto is a certain plethoric and ignorant middle-aged man, universally known as Il Dottorino, who has one sole remedy for every species of disorder, and whose incompetence would long since have procured his dismissal if it had not been from the conservative habits of the community and from the fact that “Il Dottorino” is a most gay and facetious companion at dinners and wedding feasts. He is a widower, and is plagued with an imp of a son, the ways and the manners of whom become so exasperating that the Doctor is forced to seek for a servant who shall at once attend to himself and the house and keep Giovanni in order. After several failures, he finds a foundling of thirteen who proves a success. Her name is Amata; but she herself and every one who knows her call her simply La Matta. La Matta and Giovanni Berti grow up together; and the scenes in which their romps and rough affection are described are certainly among the most touching in the book. La Matta, reaching adult feeling first, experiences a kind of mute passion for the boy, to whom she is, at seventeen, still merely a playmate; but she is a species of female Caliban, except in outward beauty, and her uncouth mind can find no expression except in the dumb and ignorant devotion of a dog. She knows nothing, and for self-defence she falls into the trick of answering every question with “Non so!”

Among the houses where Il Dottorino is most highly valued as

* *Il Tramonto d'un Ideale*. Racconto. La Marchesa Colombi. Cesena: G. Gargano.

a boon companion is that of a small proprietor who passes in the country-side for a veritable nabob. Signor Pedrotti is a man who has made a considerable fortune in trade, and who has retired to enjoy it at the age of forty, as Italian people like to do. He has bought, from the last representatives of an ancient family of the neighbourhood, a sort of castle, with turrets and bastions, and a moat with a drawbridge over it. In this he lives with no other employment than to amuse himself and a little circle of friends with cards and with the artistic productions of a very good cook. He, like *Il Dottorino*, has lost his wife, and has but one child—a daughter, Rachele. Giovanni is about sixteen, and has begun to attract great attention in the village by his quickness at learning his lessons, when his father discovers that he cannot keep him at school any longer, and that the boy must learn to take care of other men's flocks and herds, like his forefathers. Signor Pedrotti, who likes to pose as a Mæcenas to deserving youth, conceives this to be a sad pity, and proposes to certain of his wealthy friends that, as a mark of esteem to "*Il Dottorino*," they should club together to provide the boy with a good education. Accordingly he is sent off to a religious seminary in Novara, from which he returns presently a taciturn and savage creature, and makes a very unfavourable impression indeed when he goes with his father for the first time to dine at the castle. Here, however, the lovely and gentle Rachele, who is just his age, comforts and soothes him, and when he comes back the following year, a university student from Turin, his polished ways dazzle the jealous heart of La Matta and please Rachele, who begins to notice him with admiration. The upshot of it all is, of course, that Giovanni and Rachele, despite their difference of rank and fortune, fall hopelessly in love with one another, and La Matta eats her heart away in silent jealousy and rage. The love scenes which go on under the very nose of the pompous benefactor are very delicately and prettily conceived; at last the innocent lovers think that Signor Pedrotti is so kind to them both that he is sure to give his consent to their union, and Giovanni asks that consent in a scene the incidents of which are familiar in dozens of romances, but which are here treated with a great deal of freshness. When the village Mæcenas at last is made to comprehend the situation, he flies into a towering rage, insults the youth whom he has befriended, and orders him never more to come within the gates of his property.

But Rachele, though she will not otherwise disobey her father, has pledged her love to Giovanni with all the vows most binding to so serious a nature as hers. And he does not despair. Before leaving Fontanetto, where it is now impossible for him to live any longer, he makes one more effort to communicate with Rachele. He sends La Matta over to the castle with a letter, in which he begs Rachele, if she will give him hope, to send him a little note by La Matta concealed in the pages of a certain volume, the second edition of *I Promessi Sposi*. La Matta takes the letter with strange reluctance, as it seems to Giovanni, and after a long while comes back with the volume of Manzoni, indeed, but with no enclosure from Rachele. Giovanni tortures himself to comprehend this conduct on his lady's part. He has no suspicion of La Matta's loyalty, and he knows that she can only read the letter *o*. He finally comes to the conclusion that Rachele has sent him *I Promessi Sposi* to encourage him to persevere in loving her, but that she has not possessed the courage to write to him any lines of hope or consolation. And so he goes away to Milan, penniless and friendless, to study the law and to make a fortune.

The Marchesa Colombi must be left to describe in her own eloquent and vivid words the horrible plight into which his poverty plunges him, and the remarkable subterfuges by which he manages to evade the grip of starvation. The pages which describe the horrors of midsummer heat in the deserted streets of Milan are among the cleverest which the author has given to the world. At last the poor young man, after struggling on for years, and keeping the winning of Rachele ever before his eyes as the goal of his career, makes a happy hit by pleading the cause of an interesting and popular client. This is the first step in a career that rapidly becomes in the highest sense successful, and after having spent years in Milan in absolute obscurity and crushing poverty, he finds himself one of the leading men at the Italian Bar. In this success he becomes, for the first time, untrue to his ideal. He does not consciously cease to look forward to a married life with Rachele, but he does not consider that his fortunes are yet sufficiently assured for him to demand her hand with authority from her obnoxious parent, and in the meantime he plunges into the gay society of Milan. He has always been inherently a brilliant and graceful fellow, in mind as well as in body, and he is welcomed everywhere into the best professional society. Here he meets with a beautiful Contessa Gemma, who falls in love with him, and who succeeds for a time in completely banishing from his memory the pure and melancholy image of Rachele.

It is not till the impulsive and exacting Contessa Gemma has worn the intrigue to tatters that Giovanni Berti is ready to turn to his old ideal again. At last, when he is celebrated and rich, but no longer very young, he learns by accident that Signor Pedrotti has for some years been dead, and that Rachele has continued to live alone in her vast castle. Neither before nor since the death of her father has she consented to marry, though her beauty, her virtues, and especially her wealth, have attracted a variety of suitors. As Giovanni hears all this, the blood rushes to his heart; the old ideal resumes its authority over him, and he seems to see once more before his eyes the slim and virginal figure of Rachele as he had loved her years and years before. He is inexpressibly

touched and humiliated to think that she has waited for him. In a tumult of emotion he rushes home, and, from sentiment, takes down that edition of the *Promessi Sposi* which had played so great a part in the drama of his life. As he opens it a little faded note, which was certainly not there in the old years, drops out, and he reads the tender and courageous words in which Rachele had answered him with the promise of her fidelity. The jealous Matta had stolen them, had been unable to read them, and had been haunted by the terrors of her conscience till she put them back again too late. Now, at all events, Giovanni has but one duty to perform; he must proceed at once to Fontanetto, and claim from Rachele the hand which she has preserved for him so long. The pages which take us from this point to the close are of a quality that place the writer high among living novelists. They are inspired by a dramatic perception not unworthy of M. Sardou.

All the poetry of his youth fills once more the soul and brain of Giovanni. He who for so many years has hardly thought of Rachele at all, dreams of her all day long, and sets his affairs in order with the greatest impatience, vexed at the notion of a further delay of even a few hours. He is not infatuated or inexperienced; he says to himself that the years will not have passed over her and have left her unchanged, but the picture he forms of her maturity is nevertheless most tenderly drawn from the memory of her girlhood. She will be developed, he says, but surely her mind will be only riper, her beauty more dignified. He paints to himself the seclusion in which he will find her, with books and flowers and musical instruments around her—a little sad, perhaps, and pale with her long patience. He hastens off to visit her, and the journey from Milan to Fontanetto is described with great humour and vigour. The reader is made to share the feverish, the absurd impatience of the lover who has wasted all these years and cannot now spare one hour.

We must not spoil the Marchesa Colombi's plot by telling the end of the story. The ideal that has flashed up into such bright colours at its close fades suddenly and without a twilight. By a remarkable exercise of tact the reader is led to acquiesce in this failure of Giovanni's enterprise, and to admit the inevitable ending, while deeply conscious of its pathos. Nor are the two lovers, now obviously matched no longer, allowed to become ridiculous in this terrible moment of being brought face to face. We are distressed for them, we feel a sort of shame at being introduced to their last interview; but the situation is treated by the author with the utmost delicacy and tenderness. *Il Tramonto d'un Ideale* is a story which deserves careful reading; in our hasty sketch of the plot we have given no idea of the literary skill with which it is conducted, or of the charm of style which surrounds it. It is a book that cannot fail to be read with pleasure.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

I.—REPRINTS AND ANNUALS.

IT would not be easy to define what are Christmas books now. Are they books which would not have a chance of success at any other time? Are they children's books? Are they all illustrated? Are they all stories or poetry? Is nothing serious, nothing lasting, nothing of more than ephemeral value to be included? We cannot make any rules of the kind. Some members of the vast crowd before us belong to each category; and while of many it would not be too much to say that they are worthless, of others it may be said that they are too good to be classed with publications intended only to catch the eye, especially the eye of a child. Looking at them together, we are struck by the efforts of some publishers to attract notice by colour-printing, and by the comparative failure of some of them. Miss Kate Greenaway's annual volume is a typical example. It is this year a reprint of *Little Ann and other Poems* by Jane and Ann Taylor (Routledge); and we cannot but think her work suffers in the reproduction of the pictures by chromo-lithography. Her drawings, as every one knows who has seen them, are of the most exquisite finish and refinement of tone; but, great as have been the strides made lately in colour-printing, there is no firm, at any rate in England, competent to do this most original artist justice. The printing is careless. In some cases the red of the lips is transferred to the nose, and the blue of the eyes to the cheek. On the whole, so far this year the prettiest books are in some way or other reproductions, translations, or new editions. *The Fan* (Nimmo & Bain), for instance, is an English counterpart of the well-known French book by Octave Uzanne, with Paul Avril's charming illustrations in what is, or used to be, known as aquatint. The designs are perhaps a little free for the English drawing-room table; but they are so pretty as to induce us to condone the fault in great measure. We may warn an intending reader that he will be obliged to compare the translation with the original French before he will be able to make sense of some passages.

Another volume of French origin is the *Fables of La Fontaine*, with etchings by A. Delierre (Nimmo & Bain). The translation is Thomson's, of which there is nothing to be said; but however good the etchings may have been originally, they are not now worthy of the handsomely got-up volume in which they appear. The same publishers also issue *Types from Spanish Story; or, the Old Manners and Customs of Castile*, a miscellaneous compilation from Lazarillo de Tormes, Guzman d'Alfarache, Cervantes, *Le Sage*, and others, by Mr. James Mew. It is illustrated with thirty-six

etchings by Los Rios, called on the title-page "proofs," which may be supposed to signify that they are taken on India paper. The so-called "proofs" are very fuzzy; but on the whole this book is very superior to the preceding volume. The binding is very pretty, gorgeous but not gaudy. We have no fewer than four new issues of the immortal *Robinson Crusoe*. Two are published by Mr. Hogg, with Stothard's beautiful designs. The larger volume has these engravings from the original plates, and is an *édition de luxe* of the smaller one, in which there are only twelve prints, very inferior transfers from the original copper-plates. Messrs. Chatto & Windus also issue an edition, with engravings after George Cruikshank, and a number of woodcuts. It is a smaller volume than either of the others, and, so far, more convenient; but the type is not so clear. Mr. Fisher Unwin's edition exceeds all the others in the gaudiness of the pictures, of which there are twenty. On the whole, Mr. Hogg's larger volume is the most pleasing of the four. In addition to genuine *Robinson Crusoes* we have also *The Crusoes of Guiana*; or, *the White Tiger* (Sampson Low & Co.), a very poor translation from the French of Louis Bousсенard. The illustrations are unhappy.

A cheap issue of *The Pilgrim's Progress* is also published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. It is said to be "illustrated" with 140 designs by Gordon Browne; but illustrations of this kind are no set-off to a book which would be better without them. Very superior are the pictures, apparently American for the most part, of Keble's *Evening Hymn* (Griffith & Farran); some are very charming, especially those on the half-title and at the first verse—

Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light

being exquisitely rendered into white and black. The hymn *Abide with Me*, by the late Henry Francis Lyte, is also printed in a separate volume (T. Nelson & Sons), with fifteen illustrations of the feeblest kind. The *Sonnets of William Wordsworth*, with an essay on the history of the English sonnet by the Archbishop of Dublin, form a very welcome little volume, beautifully printed, and suitably bound in dull blue and gold. The publishers are Messrs. Suttaby & Co. All the sonnets are included. Messrs. Nelson issue a new edition of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, with illustrations by the late David Scott. Much better in several respects than a majority of the reprints and new editions are two volumes of old legends by Mr. James Baldwin (Sampson Low), *The Story of Roland* and *The Story of Siegfried*. The pictures are spirited, if perhaps a little ragged, and are reproduced from the drawings of Mr. R. B. Birch. Mr. Baldwin has, to use his own words, modified, recast, and remodelled the stories so as to adapt them to modern juvenile reading, and though, of course, much of the original vigour and freshness are lost, we must not be supposed to mean any disparagement of a very pleasant and suitable pair of boys' books. Miss Rosalie Kaufman's *Young Folks' Plutarch* (W. H. Allen) is similarly weakened, but the translation is on the whole very fair, and runs well. Style has much to do with making a work of this kind interesting, and the pictures are better cut than in some of the books we have noticed.

The Shoes of Fortune and other fairy tales by Hans Christian Andersen (Hogg) contains a biographical sketch of the author by Dr. Mackenzie, and a portrait as well as a number of pretty illustrations by Otto Speckter. Another Andersen reproduction is *The Snow Queen* (Wells Gardner), with very delicately printed chromo-lithographs by T. Pym. This is a pretty and intelligible book for a child. Almost as pretty, but without the colour, are Miss Laura Troubridge's illustrations to *Little Thumb*, another of Andersen's stories (Mansell & Co.). They show what modern training of the South Kensington kind may do for the cultivation of a refined, if not very robust, order of artistic fancy. The brown borders greatly enhance the delicacy of the drawings. *Krifol and his Fables* (Cassell) is a fourth edition of Mr. Ralston's delightful translation. In this issue nearly all the Russian author's fables may be found. A memoir is prefixed. Many of the illustrations are very pretty and appropriate; but, as usual with English woodcuts, much injured by the engraver. Mr. Heywood Sumner has avoided this source of disappointment by having his illustrations of *Sintram* (Seeley) reproduced from his drawings in facsimile. The translation is wanting in the picturesqueness which made the familiar rendering published long ago by Lumley so delightful to English readers. Although George Sand must always lose in a translation quite as much as Lamotte Fouqué, yet every child of taste will be glad to receive two stories written for her grandchildren, *The Wings of Courage* and *The Cloud Spinner* (Blackie). Equally welcome, and at a price within the reach of all who will care to read them, are *Corinne*, by Mme. de Staël, in a new translation (F. Warne), and Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales* and *Tanglewood* (same publisher). Another volume of old stories is a selection from the *Arabian Nights*, issued under the title of *Far-Famed Tales* (Hogg), with illustrations. *Prince Pertinax* (Field & Tuer) is a fairy story of the old-fashioned orthodox type, as may be seen by the last two lines, "King Fax advanced, and with great dignity invited the king, queen, princes, and all the rest of the company to a grand banquet he had ordered for the wedding of Prince Pertinax and his Blue Rose." The story was written twenty years ago by Mrs. George Hooper for the *Monthly Packet*. It is now republished with illustrations by the little girl to whom it was originally told. The "get-up" of the book is admirable in every way, particularly the binding, which is a model of good taste and good workmanship. The same publishers issue a funny little volume of *Christmas*

Entertainments, mainly reprinted from a rare chap-book of 1740, and carefully edited. The original has been thumbed and worn almost out of existence, and commands more than twice its weight in gold. It contains either an earlier version or a parody of Jack and the Beanstalk, and the old-fashioned cuts are most amusing. Very similar are some reprints, issued by Messrs. Griffith & Farran, of the children's books of the beginning of the century, published at the "original juvenile library, the Corner of St. Paul's Church Yard." We have among them *The Butterfly's Ball*, *The Peacock at Home*, *The Elephant's Ball*, and *The Lion's Masquerade*. Rude and even grotesque as some of the pictures are, they contrast not unfavourably with but too many of the illustrations produced in these artistic days. The stories are supposed to have been written by William Roscoe, well known as the author of a life of Leo X. Of purely nursery literature reissued we have but too many examples. One of them is *Three Blind Mice*, with the music, illustrated by C. A. Doyle (Waterston). Another is a collection of old rhymes, under the title of *The Hey Diddle Diddle Picture Book*, illustrated by Mr. Caldecott (Routledge). We are sorry not to be able to praise either the outline or coloured pictures as they are here reproduced. The engravings are broken and crumbling, and give but a poor and inadequate idea of the work of a most fastidious artist. Mr. Ascott R. Hope republishes, under the name of *Evenings Away from Home* (Hogg), some pleasant stories supposed to be told by schoolboys in their own language to their schoolfellows. They have been so long out of print that they are practically new, and we feel sure that the boys of to-day will appreciate them as highly as did those for whom they were first written. The illustrations are unworthy of the letterpress. In fact, with the very few exceptions noted above, there is something most disheartening in the general level of book illustration exhibited by the volumes we have noticed so far. If they do not improve by next week we shall be forced to conclude that the efforts made since 1851, the establishment of schools of art, the boasted successes of South Kensington, and the innumerable galleries opened, have left us, so far as book illustration is concerned, not only far below the glorious days of Bewick and his pupils, but even below the comparatively moderate level of the years when Mr. Birket Foster, Sir John Gilbert, and Mr. Harrison Weir condescended to make drawings for Christmas books, and found engravers capable of cutting them on wood.

The annuals and magazines show this falling off even more than the ordinary books. There are, of course, some exceptions, but they are few, and only go to prove that there is no adequate reason for the general failure. *The Quiver* (Cassell) is too well known to require much recommendation to the large public for whom its publishers cater so successfully. The pictures have all the same fault—namely, that the engraver has failed to interpret the work of the draughtsman. Some of them, nevertheless, are very pretty, though wanting in faithful and careful detail. It is impossible for an artist to put his best work on a block when he knows that the engraver's tool will cut away anything delicate. *The Girl's Own Annual* ("Leisure Hour" Office) is a wonderful mine of pleasant stories, excellent cooking recipes, and useful information of all kinds. "Robina Crusoe" will please boys and girls alike. There are numerous cuts, mostly very poorly printed, although it is evident that some of them have been well engraved. *The Boy's Own Annual* is issued by the same publishers, and has a frontispiece in colours, representing the costumes of various Highland clans, which will be enough to recommend the book in many quarters. An intelligent boy is sure to enjoy this portly volume, in spite of its small type in three columns, which will make arms and eyes ache alike. There is much amusing fiction, and all kinds of information about the things a boy wants to know—such as games, shipbuilding, mechanical toys, signal flags, and swing guns, among other topics. *Aunt Judy's Annual Volume* (Bemrose) lacks what has so long been "the brightest jewel in its crown," a story by Mrs. Ewing, but has illustrations by Randolph Caldecott and other favourite artists. *Aunt Judy* has never sought popularity by abating the least her high ideal of juvenile literature; and the present volume is not, perhaps, as fascinating as some of its predecessors, although the story of "Bride Picotee," by the author of the *Atelier du Lys*, which relates to lace-making in Flanders, deserves great praise, and will be read with interest by any one, old or young, who takes it up. *Every Girl's Annual* (Routledge) is chiefly illustrated with well-drawn but badly-printed chromo-lithographs. There are numerous stories, and some excellent papers on useful subjects—one of the best being "On the Art of Writing," by J. F. Mayo. There is also a charming obituary notice of the exemplary life of Miss Rhoda Garrett, by her friend Lady Maude Parry, whose delicate and appreciative little memoir deserved something better than is given by way of a woodcut portrait. *Sunday* (Wells Gardner) is deservedly a favourite in religious families. The illustrations are better than in some much more expensive volumes. Of *My Sunday Friend* (Mowbray) much the same may be observed. *The Child's Companion* and *Juvenile Instructor* accompanied and instructed some of us thirty years ago and more, and we may hope that its lessons may still be useful.

Are birthday books annuals? We must hope that they are not. It is unpleasant to look forward to another recrudescence—only a word of four syllables will do justice to the theme—of such volumes next year. We must call them "volumes," for they are not books or works, although there is some original poetry in

When is Your Birthday? A Year of Good Wishes, by Mr. Edwin J. Ellis (Field & Tuer). His sonnets, twelve in number, are accompanied by drawings by the poet, which, like the verses, a little more polishing would have made very good. An alteration in the way of the tinted printing would improve these pictures; if the white circles round the heads were brown, and the outer borders sepia instead of green, the effect would be much enhanced. The printing is tasteful. The binding is copied from the book held by one of the principal personages in Van Eyck's famous picture at Ghent, and is very pleasing with its hanging veil of soft leather. It is to be feared that admirers of Mr. Matthew Arnold will not be able to value *The Matthew Arnold Birthday Book* (Smith & Elder). Of all poets, he least bears the rough treatment of being quoted in sentences without the context. Only as a tribute of family affection is such a compilation excusable. *The Lovell Birthday Book* (Chatto & Windus), though with smaller pretensions, is more interesting, as the quotations are long enough not to make nonsense. By the way, has any one tried the game of cross-readings in birthday books? A page or two of the "Matthew Arnold" volume read straight down is irresistibly comic. The last we have received of these strange modern aberrations of literature is entitled *The Starry Heavens* (Chatto & Windus), and contains a series of birthday quotations from various poets relating to the sun, moon, stars, comets, and signs of the Zodiac. The idea is ingenious, and may please those who, as the compiler suggests, having registered their names at a time when some famous star was in the ascendant, in after years would again and again walk at night beneath the starry firmament, and

Fly their fancies in the open air and keep their birthday.

Messrs. Kent & Co. send a *Shakespeare Diary and Almanack*. The quotations are cleverly chosen.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

FOR the moment the stalwart figure of Luther (1) throws contemporary men and things into the shade in Germany, and the nation is encouraged and invigorated by being led back to survey the most heroic episode in her history. Among the crowd of memorial addresses and brochures well adapted to their immediate object, but not aspiring to last beyond the incident which has given them birth, it is a satisfaction to encounter one production of genuine literary workmanship, even though it may not be entirely a novelty. Gustav Freytag deserves credit for having discerned exactly what the occasion required, and no less for the ready tact with which he has adapted old material to new exigencies. By skilful re-arrangement and seasonable enlargement, he has constructed from his "Pictures of the German Past" an admirable monograph of Luther, in its grace and ease of treatment the reverse of the conscientious but formidable thoroughness with which biography is generally written in Germany. The occasion is not one on which it would be seemly to dwell upon the harsher traits of the Reformer's character; they are not ignored, but neither are they obtruded; the great champion's face is painted truly with its seams and gashes; but these are scarcely observed in the genial atmosphere diffused over the picture, proper to an occasion of national rejoicing. In fact, geniality was so much the dominant characteristic of Luther, that no picture which lays principal stress upon it can greatly mislead. It was the quality which he always displayed when the world would let him; the pugnacity which gave the world so much more to talk about needed to be evoked by collision with antagonists. Herr Freytag has not endeavoured to make an idol of the Reformer; but in selecting him as the representative type of the German, the man in whom the characteristic traits of his countrymen are summed up and personified, as France is personified in Voltaire or Thiers, has virtually admitted the existence of much that foreigners, unless when like the English or the Americans they are mainly of Teutonic extraction, may not find altogether palatable. If, however, the nature of Luther as a whole is best apprehended by men of German stock, the picturesque incidents of his career are equally striking and intelligible everywhere, and these Herr Freytag has turned to admirable use. Luther burning the Pope's bull, Luther nailing his theses to the gate, Luther standing immovable before Emperor and Legate because "he could no other," will for ever rivet the gaze of all beholders of the great picture gallery of the world. Less recognized, but not less attractive, is the simple heartiness and manly tenderness of Luther's domestic life, to which Freytag has also done ample justice. He has shown good taste in allowing the incidents of Luther's history to be as far as possible related in the artless language of his contemporaries, such as Myconius, Blaurer, and the merchants who encountered "Junker Georg" at the hostel, a narrative almost Scriptural. If he is open to criticism anywhere, it is in his inadequate comprehension of the Renaissance, especially in its theological aspects. Revived Paganism certainly overlaid mediæval Christianity in a very odd fashion, but the age was hardly sensible of the incongruity.

"Martin Luther in Word and Image" (2) is a *Festschrift* of a different class to Freytag's, but equally good in its way. The text

(1) *Doktor Luther: eine Schilderung*. Von Gustav Freytag. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Dr. Martin Luther in Wort und Bild*. *Festschrift*, mit acht Stahlstichen von Professor C. A. Schwerdgeburth. Herausgegeben von C. Evers. Leipzig: Uhlig. London: Kolkemann.

is an impartial and well-written biography of the Reformer, so arranged as to accompany and illustrate a series of eight fine steel engravings after designs by Professor Schwerdgeburth of Weimar, representing the principal events in Luther's life. It is in every respect a creditable volume, and a type of the anniversary memorial suitable for the drawing-room.

A volume on the Jews of Austria (3), by Dr. Gerson Wolf, is added to the valuable collection of special treatises on the various races constituting the Austrian Empire. It is not equal to its companion volumes; the past history of the Jews is treated with disproportionate fulness, and the particulars of the actual Jewish community are disappointingly meagre. It was probably a mistake to entrust the work to a Jew, who can hardly write at all upon many points without giving offence to his co-religionists. If this is not the reason, it can only be said that Dr. Wolf has a very inadequate conception of the legitimate scope of his labours and researches. His deficiencies are not supplied by the sound, but commonplace, observations on the Jewish question contributed as an appendix by Dr. W. Goldmann.

The correspondence of an English lady (4), probably apocryphal, with a person named Caspi on the subject of Judaism, is chiefly interesting as an expression of Jewish opinion on the proper attitude of enlightened Jews to the services of the synagogue and Mosaic rites and customs in general. It is admitted that these are burdensome, and incapable of being maintained in perpetuity; but it is contended that they ought not to be wholly disused in the present condition of the Jewish community. The frequent references to *Daniel Deronda* show that this work has by no means failed to produce an impression on the Jewish public.

It is easy to be in opposition. Modern institutions, being human, must necessarily have their weak sides, and afford fine opportunities for attack to a clever writer who is not particular what he says. Herr Nordau (5) goes the whole round of human beliefs and social arrangements from the Deity to the penny papers, and finds great fault with them all. All his onslaught is pure dogmatism; there is hardly any pretence of an argument, only the convenient assumption that those who differ from the writer must be idiots upon whom argument would be thrown away. Nor is there any hint of a remedy for the numerous undoubted evils against which the writer inveighs, except some vague talk of human solidarity, which can hardly be promoted by setting class against class; and a suggestion for the abolition of hereditary property, which we shall be better able to appreciate when we know what disposition the author has made of his copyright. Slashing attacks of this kind are sure to find readers, and the book is sufficiently well written to produce a sensation, even should it fail to produce the effect anticipated by the author of causing the reader "to turn up the whites of his eyes, and smite his hands together over his head." The most curious thing about it is that it is itself as great a "lie" as any that it denounces. Though really addressed to the prejudice and cupidity of the masses, it affects to reproduce the views of men "standing on the summit of culture," where the author himself does not stand, and who, as he well knows, are in Germany at least for the most part Constitutional Monarchists, possessors and defenders of property, and the last people in the world to mistake a Protestant clergyman for "a Red Indian medicine man."

Professor Sachau's explorations in Northern Syria (6) have been made with the support of the German Government. In his anxiety to show that this countenance has been justified, he may have been betrayed into unduly increasing the compass of his book, not a little of which is either trivial or prolix. It is nevertheless evident that the Professor has gone over his ground very thoroughly; and, if he has made no archaeological discoveries of importance, has managed to convey a vivid picture both of the ancient and the present condition of the country. It is indeed a land of vestiges of the past, where Sultan Mahmoud's owls would have been at no loss for a dowry of ruined cities. The most remarkable remains described are those of Apamea, which remain almost as they were when the city was abandoned after its destruction by an earthquake in the seventh century. Unfortunately nothing is left standing, except a gate and a portion of the wall. The rest is a heap of broken columns and shattered fragments of stone and tile. Elkefr, anciently Elbara, is less interesting, in so far as it is merely a relic of Byzantine times, "grey rock upon grey rock, looking as if it had been abandoned only forty or fifty years ago." Serdjille and Ruwêha are ruined towns of the same period, and in the same marvellous state of preservation. The former has two-storied houses, better than have been built in Syria for a thousand years; the latter has a fine basilica. Inscriptions, unfortunately, are very infrequent. Mesopotamia seems to have yielded little of archaeological interest; the most important point is Dr. Sachau's identification of Tel Men with Tigranocerta, which, however, remains to be confirmed by excavations, for no vestige remains above ground. Many other sites would repay excavation, especially Palmyra, where the traveller comments upon the total disap-

(3) *Die Juden*. Von Dr. Gerson Wolf. Mit einer Schlussbetrachtung von Dr. Wilhelm Goldmann. Wien und Teschen: Prochasker. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Briefwechsel einer englischen Dame über Judenthum und Semitismus*. Stuttgart: Levy & Müller. London: Nutt.

(5) *Die conventionellen Lügen der Kulturmenschheit*. Von Max Nordau. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Kolkemann.

(6) *Reise in Syrien und Mesopotamien*. Von Dr. Eduard Sachau. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Kolkemann.

pearance of all private dwellings. His account of the general condition of the country is not encouraging, except as regards Aleppo, which is very flourishing, and has far outstripped Damascus.

We are indebted to another German Professor for an excellent book of travel, treating of a region of Africa which has of late years been comparatively neglected (7). The inland district between the Gambia and the Niger possesses especial interest as the abode of the Mandingoes, the most ingenious of all the negro peoples, and of the red-skinned Foulas, a connecting link apparently between the negro and the Nubian, a nation capable of playing in Northern Africa the part of the Hovas in Madagascar, could it but be let alone by the white man. France, however, already mistress of the Senegal, has her eye on these fertile and populous regions, and there seems every reason to believe that if, instead of frittering away her strength in Tonquin and Madagascar, at the risk of misunderstandings with other European Powers, she would systematically undertake the conquest of Central Africa, where no one could or would interfere with her, she might found a great colonial empire of the only class that the stay-at-home habits of her people allow. A railway across the Sahara, from Algeria to Timbuctoo, is already planned; and, although a gigantic scheme, belongs, like the Trans-Australian railway, to the category of possibilities, not to that of merely visionary projects like the flooding of the Sahara. Other railways, to bring Senegambia and Timbuctoo into connexion with the Niger, have also been planned, and, in Professor Doelter's opinion, are perfectly practicable if seriously taken up. If French influence does not make itself paramount, the most probable alternative is a great Mohammedan empire. "The Mussulman creed," remarks Colonel Durand, "has a direct tendency to mould the mind to the idea of the concentration of power." Mohammedanism continues to make rapid progress among the natives, and exercises an elevating influence upon them which Christianity has hitherto failed to produce. According to the traveller, the Portuguese settlements upon this coast are more flourishing and better administered than is usually supposed. From the absence of pride of race, the Portuguese get on better than any other Europeans with the aborigines; and many of their officers, especially in the engineering department, are enlightened and cultivated men. It is in such glimpses of the social condition and probable destiny of the country that the interest of Professor Doelter's work chiefly consists; he also gives valuable particulars of native arts and industries, illustrated by admirable woodcuts. He met with no remarkable adventures, nor had he the opportunity of making any important geographical discoveries. After a residence of some duration on the Cape Verde Islands, which he describes minutely and well, he visited the Bissagos archipelago; and his explorations on the mainland were confined to a narrow tract to the south of the Rio Grande, in the Mandingo country and Futa Djallon.

The Continent seems to be at length awaking to a perception of two facts—that the English poetry of the nineteenth century is not summed up in the names of Scott and Byron, and that the first quarter of this century was in England an era of poetical glory and greatness which may challenge comparison with any similar epoch in the history of the world. It seems likely that Shelley (8) may take his place abroad as the third great representative of English song after the two we have cited. With all his universal humanity, Wordsworth is too local in theme and colouring; and, exquisite as is the quality of Coleridge and Keats, the quantity is hardly enough. Shelley, like Byron and Scott, has produced a miniature literature from his own brain, and created a second by the host of commentators and biographers whom he has called into existence; while his influence, more than Scott's or Byron's, more even than Wordsworth's, is felt in the political and social movements of our time. The difficulty of interpreting him to the Continent is of course very great, although Di Lustro's beautiful Italian translation of the lyrical poems proves that it is not insuperable. Meanwhile no better way of recommending the poet can be found than by inspiring an interest in the man. Such is the purpose of Dr. Druskowitz's biography, and he has acquitted himself of his mission with ability and good taste. His work contains nothing that will strike an English reader as original, but should have the charm of a romance for the public to which it is addressed. It is a careful and accurate digest of all available information, most properly based upon the poet's own letters as far as possible, but incorporating all authentic facts of importance to be derived from his biographers, and displaying much discrimination in its estimate of the latter's claims to attention. The narrative is clear and well-proportioned, and the tone, though warmly sympathetic, is quite free from exaggerated hero-worship. In his critical judgments the writer generally agrees with Dr. Todhunter, of whose work he speaks with deserved praise. We have noticed only one instance of defective information—the author's apparent acquaintance with the remarkable article published in the *Edinburgh Review* last autumn, and two slight errors. Keats did not die on December 27, 1820, but on February 24, 1821, and the English translation of *Una Favola*—as Dr. Druskowitz might have learned from Mr. Forman—was not made by Shelley himself, but by the first editor of the original.

(7) *Ueber die Cap Verden nach dem Rio Grande und Futa-Djallon: Reisekizzen aus Nord-West-Africa.* Von Dr. C. Doelter. Leipzig: Froberg. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Percy Bysshe Shelley.* Von H. Druskowitz. Berlin: Oppenheim, London: Williams & Norgate.

Professor Buchheim's edition of Goethe's *Iphigenia in Tauris* (9) for the Clarendon Press Series is, like all his editions of German classics, a model of what such a performance should be. The notes are brief and yet copious, explaining philological difficulties and those arising from Goethe's wealth of classical allusion. There is an excellent preface, contrasting the German with the Greek play, and awarding a deserved preference to the former. It is to be regretted that the Universities do not select noble literature like *Iphigenie* for their examinations, instead of inferior work such as *Zopf und Schwert*.

"The Counts of Altenschwerdt" (10), by August Niemann, is a very good specimen of the style of fiction, less fashionable now than formerly, which treats of the romance of real life. The personages are aristocratic, with language, sentiments, and incidents to match. The impression produced is not precisely one of reality, but the story is throughout interesting and animated, and its more exciting passages, especially the tragic scenes between Oscar von Waldeghen and the Countess Sibylla in the third volume, are worked up with very considerable power. Oscar certainly takes too much killing, and the story is decidedly too long, but on the whole it is an excellent specimen of the novel of incident. It is the first of a new collection, the *Grenzboten-Sammlung*.

"Beata and Halszka," by J. Caro (11), is a story of feudal Poland, turning chiefly on murder and abduction, which might pass very well for a romance, but, from the entire absence of dialogue, seems to be a simple matter-of-fact history. Whether it was intrinsically worth reviving in any more ambitious shape than that of a magazine article may be doubted, but it is well told in a clear and effective style. The poems of Carl Caro (12) are usually of a subjective or sentimental character, and these are the best. They are good in point of language and versification, and this is nearly all that can be said of them.

The celebrity of Brockhaus's *Conversations-Lexikon* (13) is world-wide, and the admirable manner in which the thirteenth edition is kept up to the mark offers the best assurance that it will continue so. It is only necessary to refer to two articles in the recently-published sixth volume—Electricity and Fish—one treating of the branch of science in which discovery has of late been most active; the other of one in which the whole civilized world has been stirred up to take an interest, to see with what admirable judgment and extensive research knowledge has been kept up to the requirements of the day. The scientific and practical articles are in general the fullest, but biography is by no means neglected.

The *Deutsche Rundschau* (14) celebrates the event of the day by a poem in honour of Luther, an essay upon his genius and his work, and an account of the literature of the commemoration. The verses, by C. F. Meyer, though not very poetical, have the hearty popular tone required by the occasion; the essay, by Professor Holtzmann, is a thoughtful composition, rendering full justice to Luther's moral greatness and royalty of nature, but not losing itself in vague panegyric. The rupture of the national unity through the Reformation is evidently a subject of deep regret to the patriotic writer, and he does not consider how nearly it might have been repaired if Luther's spirit had animated the Protestants in the early days of the Thirty Years' War. The sketch of the commemorative Luther literature is very interesting, especially for its exposure of the shameless falsehoods and cunning misrepresentations circulated by the less reputable part of the German Catholic press. Dr. Geffcken's valuable memoir of Baron Nothomb, the Belgian statesman, is concluded. It appears that Nothomb was the original deviser of the compact by which France and Prussia mutually bound themselves to respect Belgian neutrality in the war of 1870. Wilhelmine von Hillem's pathetic "Friedhofsblume" is concluded; and the first moiety is published of a lively and animated fiction, Ossip Schubin's "Story of a Genius."

The most remarkable contribution to *Auf der Höhe* (15) is the beginning of Fritz Lemmermeyer's romance of mediæval life, "The Alchymist." It is a powerful story, and not unlike Mr. Reade's *Cloister and the Hearth*, the action being laid nearly at the same period. It is, however, too overloaded with horrors of all sorts to be pleasant reading. M. Sienkiewicz's "Little Michael," the story of the persecution and martyrdom of a poor Polish boy who cannot acquire a good Russian accent, is also too painful for legitimate art. M. Reinach celebrates Gambetta as the first Positivist who has made himself a practical force in politics; and Señor Vicente de Araña gratifies and surprises us by his warm appreciation of Tennyson. In a letter on the Danish stage, Fräulein Rosenfeldt communicates the interesting information that Shakspeare is the only dramatist at present widely popular either with actors or the public.

(9) *Clarendon Press Series—German Classics.* Edited, with English Notes, by A. T. Buchheim, Ph.D. Vol. V. *Iphigenie auf Tauris: a Drama.* By Goethe. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

(10) *Die Grafen von Altenschwerdt.* Von August Niemann. 3 Bde. Leipzig: Grunow. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *J. Caro—Beata und Halszka: eine polnisch-russische Geschichte aus dem sechzehnten Jahrhundert.* Breslau: Trewendt. London: Nutt.

(12) *Gedichte.* Von Carl Caro. Breslau: Trewendt. London: Nutt.

(13) *Brockhaus Conversations-Lexikon.* Dreizehnte vollständig umgearbeitete Auflage. Bd. 6. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Kolckmann.

(14) *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 10, Hft. 2. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

(15) *Auf der Höhe: internationale Revue.* Herausgegeben von Leopold von Sacher-Masoch. Bd. 9, Hft. 25. Leipzig: Licht & Meyer. London: Nutt.

The *Russian Review* (16) has an article on the production of gold in Russia, which would appear to be on the decline. There are also interesting papers on variable stars, on the history of the Jews in Lithuania, and on vestiges of the myth of Prometheus in the Caucasus, where it assumes a form closely akin to the Persian legends of Zohak.

(16) *Russische Revue: Monatsschrift für die Kunde Russlands.* Herausgegeben von Carl Röttger. Jahrg. 12, Hft. 3, 9. St. Petersburg: Röttger. London: Trübner & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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Matriculation	Monday, January 14, and Monday, June 16.
Bachelor of Arts	B.A., Monday, October 27.
Master of Arts	Branch I., Monday, June 2; Branch II., Monday, June 9; Branch III., Monday, June 16.
Doctor of Literature	Intermediate, Monday, June 2.
Scriptural Examinations ..	Tuesday, December 2.
Bachelor of Science	Intermediate, Monday, July 21.
Bachelor of Science	B.Sc., Monday, October 20.
Doctor of Science	Within the first Twenty-one days of June.
Bachelor of Laws	Intermediate, Monday, January 7.
Doctor of Laws	Tuesday, January 22.
Bachelor of Medicine	Preliminary Scientific, Monday, July 21.
Bachelor of Medicine	Intermediate, Monday, July 20.
Bachelor of Surgery	M.B., Monday, November 3.
Master in Surgery	Tuesday, December 2.
Doctor of Medicine	Monday, December 1.
Doctor of Medicine	Monday, December 1.
Subjects relating to Public Health	Monday, December 8.
Bachelor of Music	Intermediate, Monday, December 8.
Doctor of Music	B.Mus., Monday, December 15.
Doctor of Music	Intermediate, Monday, December 8.
Art, &c., of Teaching	D.Mus., Monday, December 15.

The Regulations relating to the above Examinations and Degrees may be obtained on application to "The Registrar of the University of London, Burlington Gardens, London, W."

November 14, 1883.

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